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## MARYLAND AND HER GOVERNOR IN 1776.

*For the Continental Congress, February 23, 1893, by Mrs. Emily Hinkley, representing the Baltimore Chapter, Maryland.*

When the band of sister provinces clasped hands to declare their independence of British rule, and exchanged their maiden name of Colonies for that of States, each one had a little struggle with herself first. The step about to be taken was momentous, and all felt it must not be sudden enthusiasm and blind zeal that led them, but a sense of justice and patriotism. The contemplated change was a radical one, and would need not only present courage, but future endurance.

It was important, then, that this responsibility should not be lightly assumed, but carefully weighed and deliberately chosen. The promptness with which some decided and the coyness of others is an interesting study, for caution is still the watchword of our conservative States to-day, while the impetuosity of others is well known.

Maryland was with Massachusetts and Virginia in their indignant protests from the first, and, as soon as the prorogued Assembly met, made forcible appeals through her legislative bodies. It is a proud boast of this State that her soil was never contaminated by the obnoxious stamps, and Frederick County Court had the high honor of first deciding in a legal manner the unconstitutionality of the Stamp Act.\*

The position of the last English Governor of the Province of Maryland, Robert Eden, was in some respects unique.

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\* McMahon, 359.

From the Maryland archives I have selected portions of a correspondence that will show the Governor's attitude towards the patriots and their treatment of him, which redounds to the credit of all concerned.

With this brief preface, I will now introduce extracts from these records.

TUESDAY *April 16 1776.*

Council met. Present as yesterday.

After some directions about supplies and payments comes this minute :

In consequence of intercepted letters received from the committee of safety of Va., \* \* \* the Council appointed a Deputation of two of their body—Messrs. Carroll & Hall & requested Wm. Paca Esqr to wait on the Governor with them and desire a Sight of his Letter of the 27th of August to Lord Dartmouth and in case the same could not be procured to ask his Parole that he would not leave the Province till the Meeting of the Convention. \* \* \*

Gentlemen report that they waited on his Excellency accordingly & desired a Sight of the Letter ; to which he answered that he had sent away the Copy of that Letter with all his papers of Consequence, last Fall, and could not remember the particulars, but observed we might be convinced there was nothing of a nature unfriendly to the Peace of this Province because the Troops going to the *Southward* were not ordered here : he asserted also upon his Honour that he had not endeavored to enflame the Ministry by traducing the Characters of Individuals, some he had spoke well of, others he had recommended as Sufferers. The Gentlemen of the Congress he had spoken of as acting in the Line of Moderation.

That they impressed his Excellency they were instructed to ask his Parole that he would not leave the Province till the Meeting of the Convention. The Governor complained of being unjustly suspected, gave them his Letters from William Eden Esqr his Brother one of the Under-secretaries of State, also from Lord Dartmouth : Copies of which he gave leave to take (and are inserted in the Letter Book) and desired Time till the next Day 12 o'clk. to give his definite answer.

Adjourned till next Day 10 O'clock.

Then we read of the Governor's decision :

EDEN TO CARROLL, HALL & PACA.

ANNAPOLIS, *17th April, 1776.*

Gent<sup>l</sup> However unwelcome might be your Errand your Polite Behaviour to me yesterday merits my acknowledgments : And on mature Consideration of the Proposal you made to me, find it incumbent on me

to tell you that I will not *accord* to it, nor can I, whilst I act, in any Degree as Governor of this Province, give my Parole to walk in it, a Prisoner at Large, under any Obligation whatever; the necessity must be obvious of my ceasing to act as Governor, should I become a Prisoner; neither will I voluntarily give you any Satisfaction on that head, further than that I had, and have, no intention during these Times, of leaving the Province whilst my continuing here can in my own opinion, tend to preserve its Tranquility. My Resolution was, as the Letters you have of mine show, to continue here whilst I could serve the Province; nor shall the Indignity now offered to me alter it. I shall persevere in my line of Duty by what I think the Rule of Right, but not without some Chagrin of Knowing myself unmeritedly the Object of Suspicion, altho' I have the Satisfaction to think that a considerable part of the most respectable Persons in the Province entertain a very different Opinion of me than is to be inferred from your proposed *Arrest*. May I not Challenge you to say to the *World* if any Troops have arrived at, or any hostile Measures been proceeded in against this Province, from any Request of mine, or Information from me to the Secretary of State?

I have above told you my Resolution of continuing in my Station, as long as permitted, or the ostensible Form of the established Government can contribute to preserve the Peace of the Province; and I will add one further Assurance, in hopes it may be satisfactory to you, that as your Convention is to meet shortly they shall find me here, and willing to continue acting in the same Line I have hitherto done, so long as Maryland can reap any peaceful Benefits from my Service, provided I can have Assurances that my peaceable departure shall not be impeded whenever I find my remaining any longer here unnecessary, or that my private Affairs at home indispensably demand my Return.

Then, in a few sentences, he concludes :

I am Gentlemen with respect,

Your obedt. humble servt.

ROBT<sup>r</sup> EDEN.

To CHAS CARROLL Esq. Barrister, JOHN HALL Esq.  
& WILLIAM PACA Esq.

In justification of their position, the Council write to Eden :

COUNCIL TO EDEN.

In Times of public Distress and invasion, when a free People are threatened with a deprivation of their civil Liberty, Exertions for its Preservation influenced by the purest Principles and conducted with all possible Attention to Form and Ceremony, we hope will not be considered as an Indignity or Insult to any Rank or Station in the Community.

The Proceeding which your Excellency reprehends in your Letter addressed to Chas. Carroll, John Hall, and W<sup>m</sup> Paca Esqrs. and com-

municated by them to our Board, arose from an Impression that we who are intrusted with the public safety, should pursue with Vigilance every effectual Measure, tho' the Danger to be guarded against may rest only in *Possibility*.

The intercepted Letters from Administration to your Excellency, we own, furnish Grounds for Conjecture and Apprehension only of your having held an injurious Correspondence; and whilst we reflect on the general Tenor of your Excellency's conduct the friendly Disposition you have often manifested and the several favorable and impartial Representations, you have made to Administration of the Temper and Principles of the People of this Province, we sincerely lament the necessity of the Times—which forced us to a Measure so disagreeable to us and which may prove an unmerited Treatment of your Excellency. We acknowledge Sir we know of no Information you have given Administration, countenancing or encouraging the Introduction of Troops into this Province.

\* \* \* \* \*

We thank your Excellency for your Resolution of continuing in your Station, \* \* \* and we cheerfully acquiesce in your Excellency's Assurance that as the Convention is shortly to meet, they shall find you here. As far as our Influence extends with that respectable Body, it shall not be wanting to remove every Obstruction to your Excellency's Departure, whenever your Excellency's Continuance here shall become inconsistent with your Instructions or your private Affairs shall demand your Return.

With ardent wishes for a speedy Reconciliation upon *honourable* and *Constitutional* Terms, we have the honour to be with sincere respect, etc.

18th April, 1776.

Then follow the copies of the letters the Governor permitted to be taken by the gentlemen who visited him. One from Lord Dartmouth shows how highly the Governor of Maryland was regarded at Whitehall, and tells of the vigorous efforts that are to be made, both by land and sea, "to reduce the *rebellious* subjects of his Majesty to Obedience." In the letter of William Eden from London to his brother, we see that the Governor privately inclined towards the patriots, though, for his oath's sake, he was true to the Crown. We must remember he was not a Tory, but an Englishman holding office under the King, whose policy he might not approve, but whose supremacy he did not dispute. And from the brother's epistle it appeared that other members of the family were on the side of the Colonies.



WILLIAM TO ROBERT EDEN.

DOWNING STREET Nov. 15th, 1775.

MY DEAR BOB.

Tom Eden is so violent a Patriot that he will not let me write one word worth your reading as he says that my accursed Politics have already brought a slur on the Blood of the family. Take plain Facts therefore without any comment.

He gives a list of changes in the administration; then concludes:

You who are a moderate man, and wish well and kindly to both Parties, at the same time that you dislike the Extremes of the Language and Conduct pursued by both, will distinguish Truth from Falsehood in the strange jumble of misrepresentations with which our newspapers are stuffed. I shall only add for the present that I hope we shall all find some Bridge at last to lead us back to our old good Humour & *Prosperity*, but we have a rough Road to go over before we can arrive at it.

Believe me ever very

Affectionately yours

WM. EDEN.

In a second letter from William Eden to his brother, dated December 24th, 1775, he speaks of the "INFLUENZA, which has disabled us all by turns," and then announces his allegiance to the administration in these terms:

It is a cursed Business—we may be mistaken, but we think you in general in a state of frenzy. You will neither hear Reason, nor act reasonably, and the only Question now is, whether you will be brought back to common sense and general Happiness or whether you shall succeed in destroying both us and yourselves. As for your Excellency individually, you are behaving in a manner to deserve great Credit, you acting the *dignified determined* Part, and are shewing yourself a friend to both sides of the Atlantic. You have all due Honour for it here, and I hope you will be treated with equal Candour on your own Side of the Atlantic.

Very affectionately

yours,

WM. EDEN.

Later the Governor gave his parole as a *voluntary* act, for the time arrived when he felt his position to be a mere cipher, and his affairs at home *may* have needed his presence. He communicated with the squadron of British ships in Virginia,

to ask that he might be sent for by a ship carrying a flag of truce. He also sent word to the Committee of Safety of his desire to depart. This was promptly granted, and in the month of June, 1776, *Robert Eden*, the last of the English governors of Maryland, embarked for his native land on the war sloop Fowey. The honorable, dignified course pursued by Eden throughout these trying times was fully appreciated in America, and, when he reached England, he was knighted for his services. What must have been his feelings when he returned, after the war was ended, to visit his former province, then a glorious, independent State—one of the foundation stones of a future great republic.

Robert Eden died near Annapolis. How appropriate it seems for his life to have ended there, because his heart was always with Maryland.



## THE STORY OF GRANT'S HILL.

*Read before the Continental Congress, February 24, 1893, by Miss Kate Cassett McKnight, representing the Pittsburgh Chapter, Pennsylvania.*

In the heart of the busy city of Pittsburgh rises a slight eminence of rather peculiar form. It is about sixty feet in height and quite steep on the western side, which looks toward the rivers.

One hundred and thirty-five years ago this singularly shaped hill was well wooded, and afforded by its screen of trees and bushes excellent vantage ground for the reconnoitering of the fort and camps below; and here, in August, 1758, came a small scouting party, consisting of two young officers and five Indians, sent by General Forbes to gain news of the enemy's force. As they crouched behind the bushes, fairly holding their breath for fear of their discovery by the hostile Indians, what a scene was spread before their gaze! The hill fell away abruptly before them to a plain well cleared of forest, the trees being chopped close to the ground. There flowed the two stately rivers—the Monongahela, muddy, as always, from its "falling-in banks" (the meaning of the name), and the Allegheny, clear and silvery, joining it at almost right angles, and forming the broad Ohio, which, bordered by a fringe of beautiful hills, could be traced in its flow for some distance before a bend in the stream shut it from view.

Not half a mile away, straight before the little hill, lay Fort Du Quesne, whose capture meant everything to England at this juncture. It was small, but very strong, situated exactly in the point and close to the water's edge, with a high stockade on the two river sides, and walls of heavy logs and sod ten feet thick on the other two sides. Barracks, storehouses, and powder magazines were inside the walls, and our little scouting party decided that the fortifications and armament were unusually

strong and heavy. Close beside the other a new post had been built, much larger and oblong in shape. These fortifications were not yet completed. The force of French Indians and Canadians was much too large to find accommodations within the walls, being estimated later at from twelve hundred to three thousand men. These were camped about on the small cleared plain and in the woods beyond. After reconnoitering carefully, and estimating that the force of French and Indians gathered at this point at the moment had been much exaggerated in previous reports, our little scouting party withdrew, and succeeded in returning to the army gathered at Ragstown, and making their report to General Forbes.

Three years have passed since the disastrous defeat of Braddock's little army, and the French have all this time remained in undisputed possession of the west.

We must remember that French America had two heads—one among the snows of Canada and one among the cane-brakes of Louisiana—one communicating with the world through the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the other through the Gulf of Mexico. These head-centers were connected by a chain of military posts, circling through the wilderness nearly two thousand miles. Midway between Canada and Louisiana lay the valley of the Ohio.

When Washington made his first journey through this wilderness, charged by Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, with a diplomatic mission to the commandant at Fort Le Boeuf, he selected this picturesque and easily defended spot at the fork of the Ohio as the best place for the English to establish a fort and trading center. He so reported to Governor Dinwiddie, who, after long delays and discouragements, finally sent a detachment of troops with instructions to begin the construction of the post. This was in the winter of 1754, and the clearing and building had actually been begun when, in April, a swarm of French bateaus came down the Allegheny River, landing about five hundred men near the point, and the non-plussed Ensign Ward, who had been left in charge of the work with but forty men, had nothing to do but surrender. In the opinion of the French, they were now in position to firmly maintain their grip on what they claimed as their share of

America. The strength of their position at the fork of the Ohio and at Niagara gave them, in their opinion, the keys of the Great West. Could France hold firm by these two controlling passes, she might almost boast herself mistress of the continent. See what a fine water-way they could command from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico!—with a fort at Presqu'isle (where Erie now stands in Pennsylvania), Fort Le Bœuf, at the head-waters of French Creek, a tributary of the Allegheny which was navigable in the high water stage, and at Venango, where French Creek flows into the Allegheny; thence but a short distance down the Allegheny to its junction with the Monongahela, and there the most beautiful site for Fort Du Quesne, so named in honor of le Marquis Du Quesne, the Governor that year of Canada.

In those days of pathless forests, it was a fine thing to have control of such an easy and ready made roadway. Save the difficult carries around Niagara Falls, and through the woods from Presqu'isle to Fort Le Bœuf, boats with all necessary supplies for soldiers and traders could be sent all the way by water, up the St. Lawrence, across Lake Ontario, a short distance on Lake Erie, thence by French Creek to the Allegheny, down that to the Ohio, thence to the Mississippi, and so to the other head of the French colonies in Louisiana.

If the French held the valley of the Ohio, and defended well their line of forts, they could shut the English between the Allegheny Mountains and the sea, control all the Indian tribes of the west, and make them, in case of war against the English frontiers, a frightful and insupportable scourge. If the English could capture this coign of vantage, they would sever the chain of posts and cut French America asunder. This was what Pitt, who had taken the reins of power in his own hands, had resolved to do and with as much celerity as possible. He did not wish so much to curb the power of France in America as to annihilate it!

Early in 1758 three expeditions were equipped and sent forth, one against Louisburg, one against Ticonderoga, and one against Fort Du Quesne. The command of the undertaking was intrusted to Brigadier-General John Forbes, a Scotchman, some forty-eight years of age, simple in his tastes, courageous

and manly in his bearing, and having a large stock of Scotch caution and determined resolution. The man was ready, the time was at hand, but, as usual, it took a long time to gather from the dilatory colonies an army for General Forbes to command. After many annoyances and tedious procrastination, behold the troops at last settling into camp at Ragstown, in the southern part of Pennsylvania, among the eastern heights of the Alleghenies, since known as Bedford, that being the name given by General Forbes to the new fort, in honor of the Earl of Bedford.

By the month of August, an army of between six and seven thousand men had been collected, including a regiment of twelve hundred Highlanders and several companies of provincial troops from Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland, and North Carolina, together with a detachment of "Royal Americans," a new corps recently raised in the colonies, largely from among the Germans of Pennsylvania.

Here the tents were pitched in an opening of the forest by the banks of a small stream, and Virginians, in hunting skirts, Highlanders, in kilt and plaid, and Royal Americans, in regulation scarlet, made a brilliant and picturesque scene as they labored at throwing up intrenchments and palisades, while around stood the silent mountains in the mantles of green.

While the army was encamped in this charming spot, the unfortunate General was detained in Philadelphia, trying to arrange for necessary supplies, etc., to be sent out for the troops, collecting provisions, horses and wagons, vexed and harassed in a thousand ways by the indifference and dilatoriness of the provincial authorities. Colonel Washington, in command of a large quota of the Virginia troops, was at Fort Cumberland, a little southwest of Ragstown or Fort Bedford, and he and Colonel Burd were insistent in their recommendations to the General to proceed to Fort Du Quesne by the southern route—the one cut by General Braddock's troops three years before. They represented it as a foolhardy waste of time to attempt to cut a new and direct road over two mountain ranges and through "an immense, uninhabited wilderness overgrown with trees and brushwood, so that nowhere can one see twenty yards," as Forbes himself described the country to Pitt. The

chief objection to the old route was that the army would be obliged to cross two or three rivers, making five difficult and possibly dangerous fords in the face of a watchful and ingenious enemy. All the Pennsylvania advisers were naturally in favor of opening the new and straight road over the mountains, thus affording them a more direct route to the west. Discussion on this point was lengthy and bitter, but Forbes' judgment led him to side with Pennsylvania, and the heavy and laborious work of road-making was pushed on, up the main ridge of the Alleghenies, and, what proved far worse, the parallel mountain ridge of Laurel Hill; hewing, digging, blasting, laying fascines and gabions to support the track along the sides of steep declivities; worming their way like moles through the jungle of swamp and forest, or stopping to build across small streams bridges strong enough to bear the weight of clumsy cannon and cumbersome transportation wagons.

On the seventh of September, 1758, Colonel Henry Broquet, a brave and accomplished Swiss officer in command of one of the battalions of "Royal Americans," arrived at the new stockaded post, Fort Ligonier, so named in honor of Sir John Ligonier, at that time head of the home department of the British army. It had been erected in a beautiful spot on a little hill, close to the Lawelhannon or Loyalhanna Creek and midway between the two ranges of mountains. The horses and cattle belonging to the little army had to be pastured in the woods, and every day some of the soldiers, in looking after the stock, were shot at, and sometimes killed and scalped or captured by wandering bands of Indians.

While Colonel Broquet was considering some plan by which he could put an end to this annoying predatory warfare, Major Grant, in command of one of the Highland regiments, came to him and begged to be allowed to conduct a small expedition against Fort Du Quesne in advance of the movement of the main army. He explained his plan of action, which was a daring one, to Colonel Broquet, who hesitated for some time about the advisability of adopting it, but finally (on Major Grant's insisting that the force of men in the fort had been much overestimated, and that by establishing an ambushade they could certainly capture a large number of



Indians) he decided (after explaining the plan to a council of brother officers and asking their opinion) to allow the attempt to be made. At the same time he gave Major Grant very careful directions as to his cautious proceeding, with strict injunctions to make the attack at night, and, if the surprise failed and daylight caught them, to make a swift and speedy retreat.

The point from which they were to make the attack was the little hill half a mile from the fort, which has already been described, and the great object was not so much directed against the fort itself as against the numerous small bands of Indians, each encamped about its own little camp-fire in the woods near by.

On the ninth of September the sanguine Major Grant, eager for laurels, set forth at the head of his little detachment of about eight hundred men, confident of success in his difficult undertaking. The long march of fifty miles through the forests was accomplished in a little over four days, great precautions being observed to guard against the movement of the troops being discovered and revealed to the enemy. As they neared the fort, their precautions were redoubled, but, unfortunately, by a miscalculation of distance, they arrived at the summit of our little hill at *two o'clock in the morning*, instead of at *eleven o'clock at night*, which had been the hour planned for the attack. There stood the little band of brave men peering about anxiously in the darkness, looking for the Indian camp-fires, straining their eyes towards the fort and their ears to catch the first faint rustle of alarm. Utter silence settled down about them and utter darkness bewildered them. Where were the camp-fires they had come to attack? It being so late in the night, they must have gone out. Only one could be seen. Puzzled and perplexed, and realizing that he was beginning the work he had laid out to do at the hour set for ending it, Major Grant determined to make at least one effort for future glory, and so ordered Major Lewis to take four hundred men, each wearing a white shirt over his uniform so as to be recognized in the darkness by his fellows, to descend the hill, search for the Indian camps, and, indeed, to attack any men found outside the fort.

Major Lewis departed on his errand, and about the time the party left on the hill began to be impatient to hear some noise of the fray and to wonder anxiously what would be the next move, back came the intrepid Major Lewis, stumbling along and declaring that the night was too dark ; they could not see where they were going ; the road was bad, fallen trees obstructed the path ; there were fences to climb and woods to penetrate ; and, anyway, he could not find any Indians. The dumb-founded Major Grant might have told him that certainly neither he nor Colonel Broquet had conceived the wild fancy that the French would prepare a plain and easy path by which their enemies could march straight upon them, and, as the fort was not much more than half a mile distant, the open plain about it being quite cleared of trees, there was small danger of being lost in the woods. Major Lewis, with most of his disconcerted troop, was ordered to the rear, to assist in protecting the horses and provisions, which had been left with a guard of fifty men about two miles back.

They were directed to make there an ambuscade. Major Grant, with all his disappointed hopes heavy upon him, still preserved a romantic idea of winning some success in that species of warfare. By this time day had begun to break, and, according to instructions from Colonel Broquet, they should have retired in good order and given up the attempt. But the sanguine Major Grant, smarting from the chagrin of his shattered dreams and still eager for the laurels he saw escaping from his outstretched hand, assured himself that they were still undiscovered ; that the French force was probably a small one, and he would make one more effort to gain at least accurate knowledge of the strength of the fortifications. Infatuated with this idea, he posted his troops in different positions, where they could ill support each other, remaining himself on the summit of the little hill.

Captain Mac Donald, with only one hundred Highlanders, he sent to reconnoitre the fort, and, if possible, get close enough to it to make a plan of it. They started off bravely, and were soon lost to view in the gray mists of the early morning. Hardly had they traversed half the distance between the hill and the fort, being still (almost beyond relief) undiscovered,

when a new idea took possession of the redoubtable Major Grant. In order to reassure the men, he says, with a sort of bravado or "who's-afraid" feeling, he ordered his drums on the hill to beat the "Reveille." What possessed him, who can say? At the first roll of the drums out sprang the Frenchmen from their beds, some only half-clad, but with their swords in their hands.

Up rose the noble red men from their forest couch, prepared to snuff out the invaders who had thus disturbed their repose. They swarmed about the devoted little troop like hornets, while the hills around reëchoed to their hideous and blood-curdling yells.

The Highlanders stood firm and received them with a volley of musketry, which checked their advance for the time; but, being themselves soon surrounded, they had to separate and take to the woods, their brave captain having been killed almost at the first onslaught. The French then made a concerted attack on Major Grant's force, which was soon driven pell-mell from the advantageous position they had occupied on the hill. Major Grant tried in vain to rally his troops, and finally fell back, hoping to find Major Lewis with his nicely planned ambuscade to insure safety and turn the tide of battle. Unfortunately, Major Lewis, at the first sound of firing, had allowed himself to be influenced by the eagerness of his men, and had hurried his detachment out of the ambuscade and made haste to join his commander by a short cut, thus taking a different road from that by which Grant was retreating. If Grant had held his little force together and kept his drums quiet, a very clever coup might have been accomplished; but, posted in four different parties, each one surrounded and handled separately, nothing short of a complete rout was the result. Two hundred and seventy-three were lost, killed, wounded, or captured—more than one-third of the little troop. The others escaped, some by the woods; others, fighting desperately, got down to the river, swam across, and found their way back to Fort Ligonier. Major Grant himself, fighting like a madman to the end, and crying out that he was a *ruined man*, that his *heart was broken*, and he *should never outlive the day*, was taken prisoner and carried that way to the fort he had so hoped to crush.

Very different was the programme carried out two months later. General Forbes, having been apprised of the fact that the French were much weakened in force, large bands of Indians deserting daily in order to return to their own lodges and wigwams for the winter months, decided to make a general movement of the whole army against Fort Du Quesne, Colonel Washington being in command of the vanguard. When they arrived at Turtle Creek, twelve miles from the fort, the French, unwilling to abide the issue, beat a hasty retreat down the Ohio and up the Allegheny in their bateaus, first blowing up the magazine and setting fire to the buildings.

Forbes approached the abandoned fort with great caution, marching through the silent and deserted woods in three parallel columns, each guided by the tap of the drum. As they came near, tramping over the crisp fallen leaves—this time in the dusk of a dreary November afternoon—they had to pass the unburied and mutilated bodies of their comrades, killed two months before at Grant's defeat. At last they came to a race-track, or running path of the Indians, and here, on each side, the savages had planted rows of stakes, each one surmounted by the trunkless head of one of MacDonald's Highland troop—ghastly, horrible, with distorted features and staring, sightless eyeballs, while their plaids and kilts were draped below about the poles in derision of the "petticoat warriors," as this branch of the service was called by the Indians.

This shocking spectacle goaded the rest of the Highland regiment almost to frenzy. Snorting with rage, they rushed forward, claymores in hand, dashing past the vanguard in a wild fury, eager to wreak their vengeance on the perpetrators of this dastardly and barbarous outrage. But it was too late. The birds had flown, and barracks, storehouses, and fortifications were in ruins. So, after all, at the last, the capture of Fort Du Quesne was but a quiet and bloodless occupation.

Grant's Hill is still a very steep and palpable reality, only now few would recognize it by that name, as the hurrying citizens of the busy city of Pittsburgh usually speak of it most ignominiously as the "The Hump" and anxiously hope that ere long some energetic city engineer will cut it down entirely, as they consider that it interferes with traffic, thrusting its

steep shoulder into some of the busiest streets. Grant Street runs across the top of it and Forbes Street starts at one side, while Broquet Street is a little further on, but near enough to be friendly, and so is Washington Street. Instead of the roll of drums, the constant rumble of the traction cable is heard, while cars, hung apparently to electric trolleys, switch around corners and up and down the steep sides of the hill in a terrifying way, killing almost as many people in a year as were lost in Grant's defeat.

Instead of the war whoop of the savage is heard the strident cry of the nomadic newsboy, calling out the latest news—perhaps of the Homestead riot or of the arrival of the cholera. Instead of forest trees and bushes, it is thickly covered with buildings from top to bottom, an imposing cathedral rising at one corner and numerous other church edifices of various denominations finding solid foundations on this (to some) "Hill Difficulty." And, crowning the hill at the very apex, as it were, stands, majestic and imposing, the pride and ornament of the city, the court-house—a verified dream, a poem in stone; the greatest masterpiece of America's greatest architect; the symbol and abiding place of the majesty of the law. "*Post vetus conflagrationem; hoc ædificium sacrem justitiam erectet*": "After the old one was destroyed by fire, this building, sacred to justice, was erected." What a contrast! *Tempora instantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*

The high buildings now interfere with the prospect while one stands on *terra firma*, but mount the court-house tower and behold! There flow the three stately rivers; there lies the point of junction—the site of "Old Fort Du Quesne"—and there against the sunset sky is cut the beautiful and broken line of hills, unchanged and peaceful, the same as when they reëchoed, one hundred and thirty-five years ago, to the wild and hideous war whoops of the savages.

## THE WIVES OF THREE GREAT MEN.

*For the Continental Congress, February, 1893, by Mrs. Sallie M. Ewing Pope, representing the John Marshall Chapter, Louisville, Kentucky.*

It goes without saying that no article on great men's wives could be complete without some mention of Mrs. Daniel Parke Custis, the most beautiful and wealthiest widow in Virginia when Washington met her. It was unquestionably a love match, and she showed her devotion to him by remaining with him during the Revolution as much as possible. "At the close of each campaign an aide-de-camp repaired to Mount Vernon to escort her, and her arrival in camp, in a plain chariot, with postilions in white and scarlet liveries, was always an occasion of general happiness and a signal for the wives of other principal officers to join their husbands." Brissot de Warville said of her: "Everything about the house has an air of simplicity; the table is good, but not ostentatious, and no deviation is seen from regularity and economy. She superintends the whole and joins to the qualities of an excellent house-wife the simple dignity which ought to characterize a woman whose husband has acted the greatest part on the theatre of human affairs, while possessing that amiability and manifesting that attention to strangers which renders hospitality so charming." Like her illustrious husband, we learn from the journals of the day she was clothed in the manufactures of our own country, in which her native goodness and patriotism appeared to the greatest advantage.

Dolly Payne, the Quakeress, who was the charming widow Mrs. Todd when James Madison met and married her, must have been amused, if she ever heard the story which I have read recently, that "when he was thirty-two, he fell in love with Miss Catherine Floyd, of New York, who was only sixteen; that she preferred a young clergyman, 'who,' her old aunt said, 'could hang around her at the harpsichord, to the

demure statesman, discussing the public debt with her father instead of talking love to her.' Furthermore, it is said when she discarded him, she sealed her letter with a piece of rye dough. Madison was terribly distressed, and sought the sympathy of his friends, Jefferson among the number." Miss Floyd showed sound judgment in rejecting the great statesman, for she evidently wanted a boy, and of Madison his contemporaries said: "He never was a boy." When I was a school-girl, my father took me to Washington to see Mrs. James K. Polk and Mrs. Madison. My first visit to the White House was to attend a grand levee given by Mrs. Polk, a gentle courteous lady, who received standing; near by she had placed a large beautiful chair for Mrs. Madison, who wore a low-necked dress and a turban, and was the centre of attraction, although seventy years old. When I was presented to her, she took my hand and made me remain for awhile by her, remarking: "You are very young for society." I replied: "My father brought me to Washington to see you, Mrs. Polk, the President, and the curiosities of this great city." Mrs. Madison was so charming that I sincerely regretted when I was obliged to give place to other callers.

Miss Mary Willis Ambler, the wife of the eminent jurist, ambassador, Secretary of State, and subsequently Chief Justice of the United States, was so greatly beloved by him that on the anniversary of her death, which occurred on Christmas day, he retired to his room to mourn her loss on every Christmas until his death.





## "THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY."

*For the Continental Congress, February, 1893, read by Mrs. Mary F. Seymour, representing the Mercy Warren Chapter, Springfield, Massachusetts.*

The Mercy Warren Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution celebrated their first colonial tea on the sixteenth of December last, the one hundred and nineteenth anniversary of that deed of daring executed by the Sons of Liberty, called the "Boston Tea-Party." Over the tea-cups we expressed our mutual good wishes, while striving to kindle anew the fires of patriotism by the contemplation of that unique event in American history.

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop wrote: "It became a simple question which should go under—British tea or American liberty." The Sons of Liberty, disguised as Mohawk Indians, cut the gordian knot with their hatchet, and thus forever settled the question. For ten years England had been levying taxes upon her American Colonies. Such bitter opposition was aroused in the Colonies by this violation of their rights, the obnoxious taxes were repealed, except that upon *tea*. The tax upon tea was retained, in order that the declaratory act dictated by King George the Third might stand: "That Parliament had the right to tax the Colonies *in all cases whatsoever*." This retention of the duty on tea gave rise to an association which *resolved not to drink it*, and caused all the merchants in Boston, with a few exceptions, to refuse its importation. Three hundred women in Boston, heads of families, many of them of the highest standing, signed an agreement not to drink any tea until the tax upon it should be abolished. The daughters of liberty, both North and South, did the same. The young women of Boston followed the example of their mothers and subscribed to the following pledge: "We, the daughters of those patriots who have, and do now, appear for the public interest, and in

that principally regard their posterity *as such*, do *with pleasure*, engage with them in denying ourselves the drinking of foreign tea. We hope thus to frustrate a plan that tends to deprive a whole community of all that is valuable in life."

From that time forth, *tea was a proscribed beverage* throughout the Colonies. We can imagine what a self-denial this meant, for the women of those days derived their chief enjoyment in their harmless gossip over their tea-cups. Dr. O. W. Holmes says that tea began to be used in New England in 1720. Small quantities of it must have been used many years before, as small copper tea-kettles were in use in Plymouth in 1702. The first cast-iron tea-kettles were made in Carver, Massachusetts, between 1760 and 1765. When the colonial women went to visiting parties, each one carried her tea-cup, saucer, and teaspoon. The cups were of the best China, very small, containing about as much as a common wine-glass. In the place of tea, the patriotic women of the Revolution used balsamic "*Hyperion*," made of the dried leaves of the raspberry plant. Thyme was used by the Connecticut women. There were a few who *could not or would not* deny themselves the use of tea, drinking it on the sly in garrets or preparing it in coffee-pots to deceive the eye. These women, when found out in their various subterfuges, received the condemnation of all patriots, who, from principle, abstained from the use of tea. Some lines written in 1773 by Susannah Clarke, ancestress of Mrs. Harriet Robinson Shattuck, show the spirit which pervaded the country when non-tea-drinking was held to be a religious duty by American women :

We'll lay hold of card and wheel,  
And join our hands to turn and reel;  
We'll turn the tea all in the sea,  
And all to keep our liberty.

We'll put on our home-spun garbs  
And make tea of our garden herbs,  
When we are dry, we'll drink small beer  
And freedom shall our spirits cheer.

There is also a farewell to tea in *Thomas' Massachusetts Spy* :

Farewell the tea board with its equipage  
Of cups and saucers, cream bucket, and sugar tongs.  
The pretty tea-chest, also lately stored  
With Hyson, Congo, and best double fine.  
Full many a joyous moment have I sat by you  
Hearing the girls tattle, the old maids talk scandal  
And the spruce coxcombs laugh; at maybe nothing.  
No more shall I dish out the once loved liquor,  
Though now detestable.  
Because I'm taught, and I believe 'tis true,  
Its use will fasten slavish chains upon my country,  
And Liberty's the goddess I would choose,  
To reign triumphant in America.

The public prints voiced the resentment of the people in all the extremest epithets applied to tea, such as "detestable," "villainous," "pernicious," "fatal," and even "fiendish." The British East India Company, which had enjoyed a monopoly of the tea trade in the American Colonies, were on the verge of bankruptcy, and they petitioned Parliament for redress. By an act passed May 10th, 1773, the East India Company were allowed a release from the whole amount of English duties, only binding themselves to pay three pence duty on landing their tea in America, this tax to be paid by Americans. This new Tea Act found the colonists, North and South, combined to resist taxation without representation. The colonists had no representatives in the British Parliament, three thousand miles away, which decreed this tax. It was not that they were poor and unable to pay, for the amount of the tax was paltry. It was for an abstract principle of right and justice that they contended. They were not deceived by the ruse of Parliament. Their public prints said: "We know that, on a certificate of the tea being landed here, the tribute is by agreement to be paid in London. *The landing*, therefore, is the point in view, and every nerve will be strained to prevent it. From May, 1773, when the Tea Act was passed, until the following November the public meetings under the Liberty Tree, in Fanueil Hall, and the old South Meeting-House fanned the flames of patriotism, until on Sunday, the twenty-eight of November, the crisis came, when the ship Dartmouth, owned by the Quaker, Samuel Rotch, with one hundred and fourteen

chests of the detested tea on board, anchored below Castle William. In spite of the rigid observance of the Sabbath, the selectmen of Boston met and continued in session until nine o'clock in the evening. The committee of correspondence also met at nine o'clock Monday morning. The bells were rung, and a concourse of five thousand people assembled in the Old South. Some speeches were violent, and others were calm. Most of the speakers were for sending the tea back. The selectmen of the town of Boston had demanded of the Royal Commissioners, to whom the tea was consigned, to send it back. They, while delaying under pretence of hearing from their principals in England, had meanwhile taken refuge in Castle William, knowing that discretion was "the better part of valor." Dr. Young first said that the only way to get rid of the tea was to throw it overboard. Another ship, the Eleanor, and the brig Beaver were also in the harbor with the Dartmouth, December first, with their cargoes of tea. A guard for the tea ships was set of from twenty-four to thirty-four men. It was armed with muskets and bayonets and proceeded with military regularity. Its sentinels passed the words "all's well" every half hour during the night. Thus the wakeful citizens knew that the hated tea had not yet been landed. The eventful Thursday, December sixteenth, witnessed the largest gathering ever yet seen at the Old South Meeting-House. Some seven thousand people were within its walls, with many more clamoring for admittance. All business was suspended. All knew that the twenty days allowed for clearance of the ships terminated that night. The meeting held in session all day, while Rotch, the owner of the ships, made a final appeal to Governor Hutchinson at his distant home in Milton for a pass to return his ship to England with her cargo of tea. It was six o'clock when Rotch returned with the Governor's refusal for a pass. Darkness had set in, but an anxious multitude still filled the Old South, which was dimly lighted with candles. John Rowe exclaimed: "Who knows how tea will mingle with salt water?" Rotch was finally appealed to to "know if he would take back his vessel with the tea in her." He replied that he could not. Samuel Adams, the presiding officer, then arose and uttered these last words: "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." This being a preconceived

signal, it was answered by men who sounded the war-whoop at the church door. From the gallery a voice cried out: "Boston harbor a tea-pot to-night; hurrah for Griffin's wharf!" The people were reminded by Adams to preserve the property of the East India Company, except the tea, and to return it safe and untouched to its owners. Meanwhile bands of men from all directions were hurrying to the scene of action. In the disguise of Mohawk Indians, armed with axes and hatchets, they quickly reached Griffin's wharf and boarded the three tea ships. Headed by their captain and boatswain on each ship, they ordered each crew to first hand over their hoisting apparatus and then to go below. The customs officers were warned to keep away. Some went below to the hold and hoisted the tea boxes to the deck. Others tore off the canvass with which the boxes were covered, while a third party clove open the boxes and threw them into the sea, with their contents. It was about seven o'clock when they began their work, and by ten o'clock they had thrown overboard three hundred and forty-two chests of tea, valued at £1,800 (\$9,000). Each chest weighed three hundred and sixty pounds, but they were light to that patriotic band. At times the tea was so high by the sides of the ship it fell in again and was kept down by poles or shoveled into the sea again. The next morning there was a long winrow by the Dorchester shore, where a sample was gathered by Dr. Thaddeus M. Harris, and it is now preserved in the cabinet of the antiquarian society at Worcester, Massachusetts. There was no noise or confusion on board the ships during the transaction. The night was clear, the moon shone brightly, no one was harmed, and, when the work was over, the workers, with military precision, marched up into the town and dispersed. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes portrays the Tea-Party thus:

Oh, woman, at the evening board,  
So gracious, sweet and purring,  
So happy while the tea is poured,  
So blest while spoons are stirring,  
What martyr can compare with thee,  
The mother, wife or daughter,  
That night, instead of best Bohea,  
Compelled to milk and water.

The waves that wrought a country's wreck  
Have rolled o'er Whig and Tory;  
The Mohawks on the Dartmouth's deck  
Shall live in song and story.  
The waters in the rebel bay  
Have kept the tea-leaf savor,  
Our old North-enders, in their spray,  
Still taste a Hyson flavor.

Neither Adams, Hancock, nor Warren were among the actors; there were enough without them. There were professional men like Drs. Young and Story, and merchants like Molieux, Proctor, Melville, and Palmer. Longfellow's hero of the midnight ride, Paul Revere, a skilled workman in gold and silver and a leader of the mechanics, was also a chief planner and participator in the Tea-Party. Another worker was Seth Ingersoll Brown, grandfather of Harriet Robinson Shattuck. From the shoes of Major Thomas Melville, another worker, was taken that night a sample of tea, which is still preserved hermetically sealed in a glass bottle, now shown by Mrs. Thomas Melville, Galena, Illinois. Nathaniel Willis, grandfather of N. P. Willis and Fanny Fern, was another of the patriotic band. Captain Joseph Wheeler returned that night from *his* participation in the Tea-Party, and, when he pulled off his long boots, a quantity of tea fell on the floor. Seeing the tea, a woman, a neighbor of Mrs. Wheeler, who had sat up with her to keep her company in her husband's absence, exclaimed: "Save it; it will make a nice mess." Mrs. Wheeler took down her broom and swept it all into the fire, saying: "Don't touch the cursed stuff." Profound secrecy was pledged on the part of all the participants in the Tea-Party, and it was not until a very late period of their lives that it was spoken of in public and when more than half a century had passed after its occurrence. Those who took part in it never opened their lips to each other on the subject.

Of the thousands concerned in some way with the transaction, Governor Gage's minions could find but one witness who would testify against them, and he was never called upon to do so. Only a single person was ever arrested, and he was never brought to trial. That tragic Tea-Party of our forefathers secured, in the end, our political freedom.

All honor, then, to their memory to-day, while anew, one and all, Daughters of the American Revolution, from New England, the cradle of Liberty, to the Golden Gate, and from the Great Lakes to the Sunny South, we pledge our loyalty to our flag.

"Long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free  
And the home of the brave."





## FOURTH OF JULY IN WASHINGTON, D. C., 1893.

The Fourth of July, 1893, dawned in Washington as perfect a day as could have been wished, a fresh breeze tempering the heat.

At 9.30 A. M. the Sons of the Revolution, Sons of the American Revolution, and the Daughters of the American Revolution gathered at Epiphany Church—a notable gathering of representative men and women, in whose strong but delicate features could be traced the lineaments of men and women to whose unflinching will and singleness of purpose we owe our birthright. Among prominent men were to be seen Mr. Justice Brewer, Mr. Lewis Johnson Davis, General Shields, Dr. McKim, Dr. Childs, Mr. Elliott, Colonel Marshall McDonald, Dr. D. S. Lamb, Mr. McCaindry, ex-Commissioner Douglass, Mr. Frank W. Hackett (the orator *par excellence* of the day), and others. The Daughters were represented by Mrs. Kennan, Mrs. Alexander, Regents of the District; Mrs. E. B. Lee, Regent of the Mary Washington Chapter; Mrs. Devereaux, Mrs. Ballinger, of the Liberty Bell Committee; Miss Ella Loraine Dorsey, Miss Virginia Miller, Mrs. Lamb, Miss Ida P. Beall, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Wadsworth, Mrs. Yeatman, and the Misses Ball.

The exercises were under the auspices of the Sons of the Revolution, who extended to the Sons of the American Revolution and the Daughters of the American Revolution invitation to participate with them in celebrating the day. The Society of the Sons of the Revolution has for officers the following: President, Mr. Justice Brewer; Vice-President, Mr. Lewis Johnson Davis; Secretary, Mr. Chas. L. Gurley, and Treasurer, Mr. A. B. Legaré.

The exercises of the day were opened at the Church by the singing of the hymn, "Before the Lord We Bow." Then was read the opening lines of the impressive ritual of that Church, "The Lord is in His Holy Temple," followed by the Lord's Prayer and the one hundred and forty-seventh Psalm. Rev.

Mr. Childs, Chaplain of the Sons of the American Revolution, read from Deuteronomy, and the morning prayers were repeated by Rev. Dr. Elliott. Then the hymn, "God Bless Our Native Land," was sung to the tune of "America," and Dr. McKim announced that the societies would form without delay and proceed directly to the Monument. The "Star-Spangled Banner" was sung with spirit, and the societies took up their march for the Monument. The procession formed as follows:

Fourth Artillery Band.

Washington Light Infantry, Major Moore, commanding;  
Major Ross, Aide.

Marshal Parris.

Captain Gibson, Ernest Wilkinson, H. G. Kemp.

Societies of the Revolution.

Light Artillery, Captain Fosburg, commanding.

In order to reach the grounds first, the battery left the main procession at Fifteenth Street and galloped to the Monument, and, taking a position at the front of the slope facing north, as the procession moved around the base of the Monument, red a salute of thirteen guns.

The band struck up a lively tune as the procession started from the church door and the procession stepped off briskly, some of the ladies finding it all they could do to keep in line, but, determined not to be daunted, and sustained by the spirit of '76, marched on. At the entrance of the grounds, the Light Artillery, in their uniform of white and blue, drew up and saluted the societies, being answered by the uplifted hats of the gentlemen and the smiles and waving of handkerchiefs of the ladies. A platform was erected at the Monument, draped with American flags. Upon this sat the officers of the Sons of the Revolution, the invited guests—Sons of the American Revolution and representatives of the Daughters of the American Revolution, consisting of District Regents and Chapter Regents, with a few others. Other members and guests found chairs arranged for them upon the lawn, within the grateful shade cast by the beautiful shaft.

After all were seated, General Shields arose and said : " We will begin our exercises by singing that song which goes to the heart of every American—'America.' All will please join, the band leading." The first verse was given, but, as the band and voices did *not* blend in the desired harmony, General Shields announced that the second verse would be sung *without* the band, which was done.

After the singing, a few happy words of welcome were uttered by General Shields, and he continued : " The three patriotic societies, under whose auspices this celebration is held, claim no monopoly of the Fourth of July ; the day belongs to all Americans, whether native-born or naturalized. The Sons and Daughters perpetuate the spirit of 1776 by no claim to exclusive or unusual privileges ; and they recognize that every citizen here meets on the broad plane of patriotism. Our principles are broad enough to include every fireside from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate. We render tribute of affection to our adopted citizens for their patriotic assistance in the foundation and nurture of our republic, both in the council chamber and on the gory field of battle, and wish to establish no oppressive test of citizenship. Our societies are non-political. We hail all parties as brothers—Americans first ; partisans afterward. Nor do we seek to establish an aristocracy of blood—a mutual admiration society—of the nation's four hundred. The only preëminence in this republic is that of merit, and we rejoice that the highest positions in our Government have been held and are open to that class of whom the immortal Lincoln was a type, and whom he characterized as the common people. It is because we believe that all our fellow-citizens are true to the principles of the Declaration of Independence ; because we all honor the Constitution of our country ; because we are Americans, we wish to revive the memory and principles of the sires and mothers of the Revolution by an ever-recurring celebration of this national anniversary, and we would have every man and woman, every boy and girl in the republic participate. We hail with delight the presence of the children here to-day. Let them learn that an American citizen is the proudest title on earth ; that aping the aristocrat of the old

world is despicable ; that we have no king but the will of the people ; that liberty is not license ; that law is supreme ; that this country is not large enough, broad as it is, for any flag but 'Old Glory.' Let them stand fast by the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and Washington's Farewell Address, and, with the same sturdy independence of those who made and saved the nation, they will hand it down intact to their descendants in the royal line of American citizenship till time shall end."

General Shields then, as chairman, introduced Mr. Barry Bulkley, who read the Declaration of Independence impressively and with fire, and awoke a responsive chord in every breast.

"The Star-Spangled Banner," rendered by the band, followed.

Mr. Frank W. Hackett was introduced and delivered an interesting address, which was listened to with close attention and heartily applauded. He closed by saying :

"And here let me address a single word to the members of the societies of the Revolution, under whose encouragement the present exercises are held. Your object, gentlemen, is worthy of all praise. Calling together those in whose veins runs the blood of a Revolutionary ancestry, you seek, by fraternal endeavor, to keep vividly before the people of these United States a sense of their obligation to the patriots of 1776. In so doing, you strengthen and perpetuate a genuine American sentiment.

"Honored, as I have been, with the privilege of directing, for a brief moment, the thoughts of this assemblage to the scenes of the Revolution, I feel, sir, that it would be a departure from the proprieties of the occasion were I to draw lessons from the record of that eventful period and proceed to apply them to the problems of the present hour. And yet, if there be pressing upon your attention subjects of public concern whose treatment and final disposition demand of you somewhat of the patriotic devotion that your fathers so freely displayed in the struggle for independence, it may not be out of place for your speaker to bestow upon such topics, at least, a passing allusion.

"Democracy, the government of the people by the people, went on trial in 1776. Each year adds to the stock of confidence with which we may count upon its stability. But let us not forget, my friends, that Democracy is still on trial; that new conditions arise from time to time with which it must deal adequately and wisely.

"Two dangers, it is plain to see, are at this very hour threatening us. I do not refer to the clouds gathering on the horizon of business. These, we may believe, are soon to pass away, under a prudent administration of affairs which our honored Chief Magistrate, aided by conservative counselors, irrespective of party, will give to the country. No; I mean, first, foreign immigration, taken in connection with the growing tendency of our population to crowd into the cities; and, second, the portentous difficulties of dealing with the question of suffrage, so as to leave the ultimate source of power where it alone belongs, to secure a free expression of opinion at the polls, and to insure, in reaching and announcing the results of an election, the highest degree of fairness that the imperfections of human nature will permit.

"These are living questions. They cannot be evaded. They must be met and solved. To solve them aright is to tax to the utmost the wisdom, the moderation, and the unselfishness of those who take part in public affairs.

"But let us indulge in no fears. Rather let us set about the work (each as best he may) of creating, in this regard, a public sentiment. In other words, let us do our whole duty as citizens. Above all, let us prove ourselves to be Americans through and through, resting our faith for the future of the republic upon that comfortable assurance—the guiding motto of one of the old thirteen—*Qui transtulit, sustinet*: 'He who has brought us thus far will yet sustain us.'"

The strains of "Hail Columbia" woke the echoes at the close of Mr. Hackett's address; and, as the last notes died away, ex-Commissioner Douglass was introduced, and, after a few witty remarks at the expense of Mr. Hackett, began his address:

"The simple plan of celebration exhibited by the patriotic associations represented here to-day is, I think, wholesome

and wise. While it may lack the extensive preparations and the elaborate oration of the old-time affairs, it answers better the purpose in these later, hurried, and busier times. The railroads, telegraphs, and various other rapid methods and modes of modern life have forced us to cut short even our patriotism, at least in its peaceful and verbal illustrations. But let us hope and believe that this condensed condition has, in its essential nature, the quality for greater display when greater emergencies shall require loyal activity.

"While we are assembled here, this beautiful July morning, to renew our vows to Liberty, civil and religious, there stands upon the shores of one of our great western inland seas a wonderful little white city; small, when compared in acres with the giant, though youthful, mother at her side, yet in every historical and æsthetic sense, the equal of any and surpassed by none.

"Columbus, with the eye of a prophet and the soul of a Christian warrior, launched his little barque out into an unknown sea, filled, by the accumulated power of centuries of inherited superstition, with all kinds of monsters and terrors; pursuing his undaunted way until he discovered this—the great twin hemisphere of the globe. It was the greatest discovery the world had ever known, and it was the greatest it ever could know. It rounded the earth and determined forever the outlines of physical geography.

"Many of the loyal women of the land have joined to have a liberty bell cast to memorialize this great Columbian era, as well as to express their faithful loyalty to the American Union. To express that thought of an indissoluble Union, it has been cast from thousands of contributed metallic souvenirs, from as many individual sources all over the broad land. Long may its melodious tones testify to them and their children's children that it is a good thing for brethren to dwell together in unity.

"Fortunately for the race, patriotism seems to be an indigenous growth in the human breast. It is developed and improved, of course, by cultivation, as history and experience prove. Its first evidence in savage life may be crude and fitful, but time and exercise will give it volume and endurance.

"The ready response of patriotism to cultivation is why we are glad to have the boys and girls of the schools with us to-day. Fortunately, this principle takes root early, and grows apace in all well-ordered families and communities. In illustration of this encouraging principle of growth, I heard an anecdote lately that seems appropriate, though some of you may have heard it before: An English preacher and scholar came to one of the theological seminaries of our country to fill a professor's chair, and brought along his wife and infant son. After the boy was old enough, he was sent to the public school, and, as he grew, became one in feeling with the other children. One day, after reading a lesson in American history, he came to the dinner table, his cheeks glowing and his eyes bright with a new thought and impulse. Promptly, he asked: 'Are you an Englishman, papa?' He was answered: 'Yes.' Quick and defiant came the reply: 'Well, we licked you once, and we can do it again.' The great sentiment of love of country was rooted in that little heart and mind, and the result was an early bursting bud of Anglo-Saxon confidence and courage.

"I hear that it has been said, by parties not members of either of our associations, and whose great-grandfathers were, it it thought, at the evacuation of New York in '17, armed and equipped with carpet-bags, that these associations are like certain vegetables—their valuable parts underground—and that is probably true also of our critics. Yes, the world does, always has, and it will be a sorry day when it fails to reverence its dead heroes, sages, and benefactors. Columbus, Cromwell, Milton, Nelson, Wellington, Mansfield, Napoleon, Lafayette, Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, John Adams, Marshall, Jay, Jackson, Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Lincoln, and a host of other American and trans-Atlantic heroes, philosophers, and benefactors are indeed underground. And we, too, had better have been there with them long ago if, as a people, we had for an instant forgotten the names of our honored dead or their magnificent achievements.

"These associations, we gratefully believe, are doing a large and beneficent patriotic work in reuniting national sentiment and cementing anew the old-time friendships, North and South.



A striking and most welcome instance of this effect was lately told as having occurred on a recent visit of one of the founders of the Association of the Daughters of the American Revolution to a similar organization in Georgia. The visitor's reception was so hearty and hospitable that she could not but delicately express her delighted astonishment, remarking to her Southern hostess: 'Why, I was not only an extreme Northern woman, as you know, during the late war, but I was also an out-and-out Abolitionist.' The prompt and courteous reply was: 'That makes no difference now, for we meet here on the good, old common ground, and are sisters and friends once more.' The plant was still alive in that womanly heart in her loyalty to the old standards, and meant, I have no doubt, fidelity to the new conditions.

"A word or two in conclusion about the American acropolis that we are seeking to build, as a modern civil citadel, in this, the crowning Capital of the nations; a kind of heart-place where the nation's loyal pulsations may go in and out, giving patriotic health and strength to the whole people and renewing their devotion to the principle of free, representative government. We ought not to fail to build this proposed structure, and it should be of such imposing size and architecture as will properly typify and for generations illustrate the beauty and solidity of our political structure, as well as something also of our economical progress and prominence. I feel sure that we will pledge ourselves anew to-day to this high purpose, gathered under the protecting shadow of this graceful and inspiring Monument, raised by reverential hands and hearts to the memory of that unrivaled hero, who was greatest both in peace and war."

At the conclusion of Mr. Douglass' speech, the band played "The Red, White, and Blue," and the benediction being given by the Rev. Dr. Elliott, the assemblage broke up into little knots of friends, amid greetings and comparing of opinion as to the success of the celebration.

MARIAN LONGFELLOW O'DONOGHUE,

*Corresponding Secretary of the Mary Washington Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.*

## SKETCH OF ELIAS BOUDINOT CALDWELL.

BY HIS GRANDDAUGHTER.

JOHN CALDWELL, of Scotch ancestry, came to America and settled in the southern part of Virginia, in what is now Charlotte County, where James, the youngest of his seven children was born, April, 1734. The place was called "Caldwell Settlement." A daughter of one of his brothers, also born here, was mother of the Hon. John Caldwell Calhoun, of South Carolina, the noted Senator and leading statesman of the South.

James prepared for college under the instruction of Rev. Mr. Todd. After hearing the Rev. Mr. Whitfield preach several times, he received a life-long impulse for good. James graduated in 1759 from college, and received a call from the Presbyterian Church of Elizabethtown, New Jersey, 1761. In 1763 he married Hannah, daughter of John Ogden, of Newark, New Jersey.

The exciting causes of the Revolution now aroused the people of New Jersey. No other religious society in the land took a bolder, nobler stand, and few were more efficient in their country's cause than Mr. Caldwell. Among his congregation were Governor Livingston, Elias Boudinot, afterwards president of the Continental Congress; Abram Clark, one of signers of the Declaration of Independence; Hon. Robert Ogden, Speaker of the Assembly, and from this congregation went forth about forty commissioned officers to fight the battles of independence.

The journals of Congress show that March, 1777, "\$200 were ordered to be paid to the Rev. James Caldwell, of Elizabethtown, for extraordinary services."

Mr. Caldwell was Chaplain to the Jersey Brigade and Assistant Commissary-General from 1777 to 1779.

The old parsonage was destroyed by the torch of the enemy that year. The campaign of 1780 opened late after the severe winter. Confident of success, General Knyphausen, with his



ELIAS BOUDINOT, CALDWELL.



Hessian troops, now in command of a part of the British army, began an invasion of East Jersey. An eye-witness of the passage of the troops says: "The Queen's Rangers, with drawn swords and glittering helmets, mounted on fine horses and followed by infantry, composed of Hessian and English troops, about 6,000, all clad in new uniforms, gorgeous with burnished brass and polished steel, entered Elizabethtown." Instantly drums beat to arms at Morristown, and Washington and his troops marched with all speed to the post of danger.

The Rev. Mr. Caldwell had, a few weeks before this, removed his family from Elizabethtown to Connecticut Farms for safety and had returned to the vacant parsonage. When the British troops passed through the Farms, Mrs. Caldwell, with her maid, retired to a secluded apartment with the children. The girl looked out of the window and said: "A red-coat soldier has jumped over the fence and is coming towards the house with a gun."

The youngest child but one, Elias Boudinot, two years old, playing on the floor, called out: "Let me see!" and ran to the window. Mrs. Caldwell arose from her chair, and at this moment the soldier fired his musket through the window at her. It was loaded with two balls, which passed through her body, and she instantly expired. It was an act of fiendish barbarity that made the British name more execrable than ever. A correspondent of the *New York Gazette* says: "I saw her corpse, and was informed by the neighbors it was with infinite pains that they obtained leave to bring the body from the house before they set fire to it."

It is related of Mr. Caldwell that, in the battle that followed, he showed the utmost ardor in the fight, as if he would avenge himself for the murder of his beloved wife. He galloped to the church near by and brought back an armful of Psalm-books to supply the men with wadding for their fire-locks, and shouted: "Now, put Watts into them, boys! Put Watts into them!" When the work of plunder began, nineteen houses and the Presbyterian Church were destroyed.

These lines by Bret Harte commemorate the historic event of the murder of Mrs. Caldwell and the heroism of her husband, the Chaplain:

## CALDWELL OF SPRINGFIELD.

Stay one moment; you've heard  
Of Caldwell, the parson, who once preached the word  
Down at Springfield! What, no? Come, that's bad; why, he had  
All the Jerseys aflame, and they gave him the name  
Of the "*Rebel High Priest*." He stuck on their gorge,  
For he loved the Lord God, and he hated King George.

He had cause, you might say, when the Hessians that day  
Marched up with Knyphausen; they stopped on the way  
At the *farms*, where his wife, with a child in her arms,  
Sat alone in the house. How it happened none knew  
But God, and that one of the hireling crew  
Who fired the shot! Enough! There she lay,  
And Caldwell, the Chaplain, her husband, away.

Did he bear it? What way? Think of him as you stand  
By the old church to-day; think of him and that band  
Of militant plough-boys; see the smoke and the heat  
Of that reckless advance, of that straggling retreat;  
Keep the ghost of that wife foully slain in your view,  
And what could you, what should you, what would you do?

Why, just what he did! They were left in the lurch  
For the want of more wadding; he ran to the church,  
Broke the door, stripped the pews, dashed out in the road  
With his arms full of hymn-books, and threw down his load  
At their feet! Then above all the shouting and shots  
Rang his voice: "Put Watts into 'em boys; give 'em Watts!"  
And they did. That is all—grasses spring, flowers blow  
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.  
You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball,  
But not always a hero like that—and that's all.

Lord Cornwallis surrendered his army and munitions of war  
in October to General Washington. While the negotiations  
for peace were pending, a class of desperadoes, thieves, and  
cut-throats were let loose on society, and several noted citizens  
became their victims, among them the Rev. James Caldwell.  
The *New Jersey Gazette*, of November 28, 1781, says:

Last Saturday, Rev. James Caldwell, minister of the Dissenting Con-  
gregation at Elizabethtown, was shot dead, without any provocation, by  
a native of Ireland, named Morgan. The coroner's inquest brought a  
verdict of "wilful murder." It was thought the ruffian was bribed by  
the enemy to do the dreadful deed. The British authorities had offered

a reward for the assassination of Governor Livingstone, and, next to him, Chaplain Caldwell was most dreaded by the enemy. The funeral services were performed on Tuesday, the 27th, the whole town suspending business and gathering in uncontrollable grief at the obsequies. An opportunity to view the body of Mr. Caldwell was given in front of the house, on the open street. After all had taken the last look, and before the coffin was closed, Judge Boudinot came forward, leading nine orphan children of the deceased; and, placing them around the bier of their parent, he made an address of surpassing pathos to the multitude in their behalf. The procession slowly moved to the grave, weeping as they went. He was laid by the side of his wife's remains, and over his body was placed a marble slab, with the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Rev. James Caldwell, and Hannah Ogden, his wife, who fell victims to their country's cause in the years 1780 and 1781."

Hon. Elias Boudinot took upon himself the administration of the small estate and the care of the children left by Mr. Caldwell. The patrimony was eventually rendered productive, and the children were well educated. They were greatly befriended by General Washington, Marquis de LaFayette, General Lincoln, and Mrs. Noel, who adopted the baby. Marquis de LaFayette obtained the privilege of adopting and educating the eldest son. On his departure, young Caldwell accompanied him to France and became a member of his family. He remained abroad until 1791, when, owing to the horrors of the French Revolution, he returned to America. He married Mrs. Van Wyck, and renounced the Roman Catholic religion, which he had embraced in France, and became a member of Cedar Street Presbyterian Church, New York, devoting himself to works of benevolence. He died in 1819.

Elias Boudinot, the youngest son of James Caldwell, was adopted by the distinguished citizen for whom he was named. He graduated at Princeton College, New Jersey. He studied law with Judge Boudinot and inherited his fine law library. He was appointed clerk of the Supreme Court at Washington, at the age of twenty-four, in the year 1800, and continued to hold the office until his death, in 1825. In the war of 1814 Mr. Caldwell commanded a troop of cavalry in Maryland until the battle of Bladensburg. The British then marched into Washington and set fire to the Capitol. Mr. Caldwell had only time to remove the archives of the United States Supreme Court, leaving his law library and other valuable



property at the mercy of the enemy. It was all destroyed at the burning of the Capitol, August 24, 1814. This valuable library was in the north wing of the Capitol. It was placed there by Mr. Caldwell for the use of the judges of the Supreme Court. The British also greatly damaged Mr. Caldwell's residence, which still stands on Pennsylvania Avenue (204 and 206 southeast, Capitol Hill), at which place the United States Supreme Court held its sessions for a short time after the Capitol was burned.

Mr. Caldwell's home was the seat of hospitality, and the honored and distinguished statesmen of the day were guests at his table. On one occasion, Mr. Caldwell gave a dinner party. Among the guests were Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, and Mr. Calhoun. In the course of conversation, the subject of wealth, brains, and good blood were introduced. Mr. Webster said: "If I had my choice, I would take wealth." Mr. Clay said: "I would prefer noble blood." Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Caldwell desired to be good, useful men, and to live such lives as to be respected and loved by the community. Perhaps it was because each had good blood, brains, and enough wealth for those days.

When the Marquis de LaFayette visited this country, in 1824, Mr. Caldwell went with his youngest daughter in his carriage as far as Bladensburg to meet him. He brought him to his house, where he remained some days. There was a strong friendship between the families.

Though Mr. Caldwell was a religious man, he was very liberal in his ideas. His children, when old enough, wished to go to dancing school. He consented, and some of the other elders of the church waited on him to know if such were the case. "Yes," said he; "my children have dancing in their feet, and I prefer that it should come out gracefully." Mr. Caldwell was one of the founders of the American Colonization Society, of which he was corresponding secretary until his death. One of the towns of Liberia bears his name, and the last public prayer he made and the last note he wrote were for the enlightenment of the Dark Continent. He was a member of the First Presbyterian Church, then located on Capitol Hill. He had been licensed to preach by the Presbytery, and

was accustomed to occupy vacant pulpits on the Sabbath. He was noted for his generosity and benevolence. His name was connected with every good object of the day, and his life was crowned with blessings. He sometimes said: "I fear the Lord does not love me, as I have been prosperous in everything I have undertaken and happy in all the relations of life."

Mr. Caldwell made a request that his funeral should be plain, as an example to the poor, and that his remains should be placed in a pine coffin, much to the disapproval of the undertakers, who, however, draped the coffin with black cloth.

Mr. Caldwell was married twice. The first wife was Miss Boyd, of Georgetown; the second was Miss Lingan, of Baltimore. He left eight children, all of whom inherited the traits of their remarkable ancestors.

The room of the Clerk of the Supreme Court at the Capitol has now historic interest; the portraits of men who have filled that important office are upon the walls, and among them that of Elias Boudinot Caldwell, the patriot, the scholar, and the refined, Christian gentleman. This portrait was taken from a miniature, painted when Mr. Caldwell was twenty-four years old, of which the accompanying cut is a copy. The finely-cut features, the clear, blue eye, and fresh complexion are reproduced in the miniature. The hair is powdered in the fashion in those days.

Mr. Caldwell was dignified in personal appearance, polished in manners, zealous in his public performances, and prompt to meet every demand that was made upon his ample fortune. He exerted a gentle influence, not only over his own family and friends, but also over many of the leading minds of his day.

In the roll of honor of the 'Sons of the Revolution' we read the name of *Elias Boudinot Caldwell*, who inherited the virtues of his illustrious parents, *Hannah Ogden* and Chaplain *James Caldwell*.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 25th, 1893.



## THE ANCESTRY OF

## MRS. ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH.

The Reverend Abner Morse, in his "Genealogical Register of the Descendants of Several Ancient Puritans," says :

"Hardin is doubtless a Gothic word, being retained with only circumstantial differences in all the Gothic dialects. It was extremely early in Europe. It existed in Germany, Scandinavia, and Britain prior to the introduction of the feudal system and the erection of permanent castles, and for many centuries before the adoption of surnames and the formation of the dialects of northern Europe. The Gothic tribes, and especially the Saxons, seem to have delighted in the word, as though it had been their sobriquet of some successor of Wodin or son of Thor, or significant of such martial qualities as they most admired, or commemorative of some historical event in which they gloried. For between the settlement of Hengist and Horsa, in England, A. D. 450, and the conquest, they had given it to seven, and probably to nine localities in the south and central parts of the Kingdom. Dooms-day Book, written about A. D. 1086, mentions Hardintone (town) in Somersetshire, Hardintone in Oxfordshire, Hardintone in Warwickshire, Hardingstone and Hardingstorp (village) in Northampton-



MRS. ELIZABETH LOGAN HARDIN.  
GRANDMOTHER OF ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH.

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JOUETT.



shire, and Hardintona in the west of England. These towns probably received their names about A. D. 600, when the Saxons began to erect towers and established a form of feudalism, which, after 1068, was so improved upon by the conqueror. These places have retained their names, for J. Adams, in his index, 'Villaris of England,' published in 1680, mentions Hardingstone, Hardingham, Hardingdale, two Hardingtons, three Hardings, four Hardens and twenty-nine Hardwicks (a contraction of Hardenwick), which were the seats of one Earl, two Baronets, two Knights, and about twenty-five Gents. The Normans, originally of one language with the Saxons, have left their Hardingen in France; and the Danes have their Hardingborg, the Germans their Harburg, and the Dutch their Hardenburg, ancient towns which derive their names from castles, and these probably from the feudal lords who built them, while the towns in England took theirs from founders, the Saxons-Thanes, or members of the illustrious and heroic race of the Haddingjar, mentioned in the old Norse, and supposed to have been an east-lying people of the Danes and Swedes, and from whom the author of 'Patronimica Brittanica' derives the surname of Harding; but, however this was, Hardin was a common name in England, A. D. 1086.

"Of the original meaning of the word, we can only form conjectures from the objects to which it was applied and the sense in which its presumed derivations have been retained. Canute I of Denmark, A. D. 803, was by the Danes dubbed Hardicanute, and Canute III, who figured in England after A. D. 1035, was by the Saxons called Hardicanute, in the sense of robust, as Hume supposes, from his lack of moral greatness. In French *hardi*, derived probably from the Normans, signifies bold, courageous, daring, stout-hearted, and in these senses is now employed by Danish authors as a foreign word, they having either ignored the original in forming their language or changed its orthography into *haard* and restricted its signification. In the Swedish and Dutch languages we have *hard*, in the German *hart*, in the Icelandic *harde*, and in the English *hardy*, denoting bold, brave, stolid, daring, resolute, intrepid, and other words of analogous orthography and import, which Webster and Worcester leave us to regard as branches from the

root of Hardin. In the eleventh century, Hardin became a surname in circumstances evincive of distinction, if not of noble rank. \* \* \*

"Burke, in 'General Armory,' gives no less than fifteen distinct coats-of-arms by the name of Hardin and Harding, several of which have simplicity enough to have been displayed in the Holy Wars, A. D. 1096-1291, when heraldry was in its infancy. \* \* \* It is evident that the name has long abounded in dignity; and from the Bodleian Library and Athenæ Oxonienses we see that it has made its mark in literature."

The author describes the origin of the family in England, some of whom boasted of Saxon blood and distinction for a century before the conquest; the ancestors of the planters of New England, who established the family in this country. They came out under Governor Gorges, 1623, whose wife seems to have been a Harding, and sister of the three brothers, Richard, Joseph, and John. The record of John disappears almost immediately from New England. This John Harding was, in all probability, the founder of the family in Virginia, in which every branch has the tradition of the two brothers left in New England. I believe him to have been the grandfather of my ancestor, known in family tradition and records as "Ruffle-Shirt Martin," who was born in 1720; his more gentle manners and better education having excited either the envy or the admiration that gave him this addition to the name Martin, destined to become so popular in the family that the many cousins have resorted to different initials and other means to distinguish one from the other, as have the Johns also.

MARTIN HARDIN (Ruffle-Shirt) married Lydia Waters, and there are those who say that the cleverest of the Hardins are those who have the Waters blood, which is not known to be of distinguished origin. Martin Hardin had three sons—Mark, John and Martin.

JOHN HARDIN was born (1753) in Virginia, and early in life displayed the strong, active, and reticent character and dignity that distinguished him through life. He was a marksman of unusual skill; was in the Braddock campaign, and was severely wounded at the time of Braddock's defeat. He probably met



Daniel Morgan at that time, for, upon the first call for Continental troops, John Hardin began enlisting men, and he took them immediately to John Morgan, and was appointed Lieutenant in the Rifle Corps. He was one of those who persevered on the terrible march from Boston to Quebec; was in the battle of Saratoga, where he performed such distinguished service as to elicit the the public thanks of General Gates. He was still acting with General Morgan, and he continued in service until 1780, when he moved his family to Kentucky. Here he was immediately called to the most active and dangerous service in the various expeditions against the Indians. He was sent, in 1792, by Wilkinson, under official appointment of President Washington, on a mission of peace to the Indians, by whom he was cruelly massacred. His son—

MARTIN D. HARDIN, born in 1780, married Elizabeth Logan; he was a Major in Colonel Allen's regiment, General Harrison's Division, in the War of 1812, through which he served with distinction; he was devoted to the profession of the law, in which he arose to eminence, and was United States Senator in 1816. His son—

JOHN J. HARDIN, born in 1810, was a lawyer, and so fond of his profession that in his will he directed that his two sons, Martin D. and Lemuel, should receive a legal education. Like all of his family, he had strong partiality for military service where it would be active. He removed to Illinois in 1830; was a Major in the Black Hawk War; was Commander-in-Chief of the Militia of Illinois, and conducted the campaign with much courage and diplomacy which resulted in the departure of the Mormons from Illinois. He was a member of Congress from that State, and, although opposed to a war with Mexico, immediately upon its declaration he raised the first Illinois regiment, joined General Taylor, and was killed while leading the desperate charge which resulted in the death of his kinsmen, Colonel McKee and Colonel Clay, a son of Henry Clay. His son, Martin D., was a young Lieutenant in the regular service at the beginning of the late war; was promoted to Colonel for gallant service in the battles before Richmond; later he was desperately wounded while leading a brigade in the second battle of Bull Run, and the following year lost an arm while defending the fortifications near Washington, and is

now on the retired list as Brigadier-General, United States Army. Thus, for four generations, a John and Martin, and again a John and Martin, have engaged in the most dangerous and heroic service for their country, and distinguished themselves, both in military and civil life, as men worthy of their race. The daughter and oldest child of John J. Hardin is—

ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH, born in Illinois, and married to Mansfield Tracy Walworth in 1852. Her paternal grandmother was a daughter of General Benjamin Logan, from Pennsylvania, who was a cousin of James Logan, the first secretary of that province. General Logan was one of the heroes of the great west. When a very young man he resigned his right by primogeniture to his father's estate, giving it to his widowed mother and her younger children, while he went first to Halston and later to Kentucky. There his name is marked in the events of its early history that required either courage or statesmanship.\* His daughter Elizabeth, grandmother of Mrs. Walworth, was one of the remarkable women of her time. Mrs. Walworth's maternal grandfather, Horace Smith, was among the earliest settlers of Mercer county, Kentucky; he was noted for a gentle refinement and cultivated literary taste unusual at that time and place. He was a farmer of the courtly "old school." His wife, Eleanor Fulkerson, was of Dutch origin, from a race of poetic temperament and of a large and handsome physical development; the men were lawyers and farmers, the women, with milk-white skin and pathetic blue eyes that seemed made for dreaming, had still a will of their own in a quiet, languid way; and made their influence felt in the social life of their time.

The children of Ellen Hardin Walworth and Mansfield Tracy Walworth were Frank H., John J., Elizabeth L., Ellen H., Clara T., M. Tracy, Reubena Hyde, and Sarah M., of whom Ellen, Clara, Reubena, and Tracy are living. Frank H. married Corinne, daughter of Governor Bramlette, of Kentucky; he died in 1885, leaving one daughter, Clara G., who is a Walworth of the seventh generation from William Walworth, who occupied Fisher's Island when he came to America with Governor Winthrop in 1689.

E. H. W.

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\*Marshall's History of Kentucky.

## MRS. STEVENSON'S ADDRESS.

*In the Woman's Building, May 19, 1893, at the Reception given by the Board of Lady Managers to the Congress of Representative Women.*

Mrs. Adlai Stevenson responded in behalf of the Daughters of the American Revolution, of which organization she is President-General. She said :

"In behalf and in the name of the Daughters of the American Revolution, I beg to express their appreciation of the cordial welcome extended by you through your President, Mrs. Palmer. Most hearty response has been given to your invitation to representative woman to participate in this most unique and notable gathering of illustrious women the world has ever seen. From almost every nation between the rising and setting sun, from their distant homes over plain, mountain, and sea, the brightest, most thoughtful minds and cultivated intellects have gathered at your bidding to grace the occasion and add luster as well as wisdom to your councils. Nor has America forgotten to place upon the honorable list the names of the women whose earnest thought and endeavor have made them acknowledged leaders in the ranks of representative women who have for their aim and object the higher education, elevation, and advancement of their sex.

"It is neither my mission nor my privilege to discuss at length nor in brief the many abstruse subjects which now agitate the female minds, nor mine to decide the wherewithal we shall be clothed, nor to argue the still weightier matters of the law as to whether woman shall have a voice in the councils of the nation or hold her peace forever. In looking over this sea of upturned faces, and catching somewhat the inspiration which pervades the atmosphere and shines from every countenance, I feel assured that the women of this day and of this Congress will leave an impress upon the time and nations that our honorable husbands, brothers, and friends will never be

able to efface, be they ever so much inclined. 'Wise to resolve and patient to perform,' the women of the nineteenth century and in the World's Congress will make forever memorable this day and occasion.

"But I have a mission to perform, and now think for a moment of the magnitude of the undertaking. To express in a few brief words, as requested, the pent-up enthusiasm of this mighty host of distinguished representative women from almost every civilized nation under the sun, and of every tongue, and all those tongues feminine—I dare not venture; the walls of this 'House Beautiful' would burst with the clarion sounds and the confusion of tongues that would follow would put to shame the fame of the ancient Tower of Babel. However, when these memorable and pleasant days shall have passed, and we turn our faces homeward with new interest awakened, our views broadened and quickened, eager to adopt original methods suggested, the hours spent in the Woman's Building, the noble result of the skill, resources, and indomitable will of woman, will be among the most pleasant occasions to which our thoughts will revert. Chicago, with its western enterprise and push, did not hesitate to wrestle with might and valor for the location of the World's Fair within its limits. Having obtained and accepted the large trust, her citizens opened wide their doors and hearts, and stranger and friend alike have received most hearty welcome. For your thoughtful kindness and the rare opportunity the occasion offers, I will ask that you accept our individual and united thanks for the gracious courtesies received in this wonderful metropolis of the great Northwest, and for your royal hospitality."

## ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

BY MRS. FRANCES WELLES SHEPARD,

*To the Daughters of the American Revolution on May 19th, 1893, in Chicago, at the Congress of Representative Women.*

*Madam President, Ladies, and Daughters of the American Revolution :*

The pleasant duty has been assigned to me of speaking words of welcome to you on this occasion.

Our Society, although but three years in existence, has so impressed itself upon the thought of the times as to have been accorded a place in this most notable Congress of Representative Women of the world.

The honorable distinction thus conferred upon us was gladly accepted. For such an expression of the appreciation felt by the world for the high purposes which have animated and brought into being our noble society, we are deeply grateful.

Assembled on this great occasion, we shall again illustrate, and we hope, with most notable emphasis, through the exalted character of our representatives here, that the love of liberty and of deeds of patriotic devotion which dwelt with our ancestors has also an abiding place with us, and has not unworthily descended to us along with their blood.

Like a fair timber tree, sound and perfect, or an ancient castle not in decay, it is for this Society of ours to stand, in order to preserve and perpetuate against the waves of oblivion and weathers of time, the noble achievements of remote patriotic ancestors, and to the end that our descendants may be imbued with love of the structure that shelters us, and know how to intelligently apply the patriotic and generous lessons we have learned within its walls.

Women and mothers have duties to perform outside and beyond the hearthstone, while neglecting none that lie there. Even as the matrons and maidens of the Revolution molded lead into bullets, and supplied camp and hospital with com-

forts and necessities, so must we Daughters, as women, emerge into the activities of life which gather about us ; and to our husbands, sons, brothers, and fathers, yield what our capacities in their highest working order and most perfect development can furnish, both in the home and the spheres of intellectuality.

That woman may not alone be an aid to man, but that she is worthy a place in the ranks of self-sustaining humanity and world wide usefulness, has been for a long time dimly suspected, with an example now and then appearing that raised suspicion to the position of individual certainty ; but scarcely until now has she been recognized as a prominent and efficient general factor in all that is useful. Strides that appear like the creation of romance have been made by women in the comparatively few days that make up the history of the wonderful creation known as the Columbian Exposition, which affords to us here assembled the opportunity to meet in our capacity as representative women, and to demonstrate our capabilities as women in the large circle of affairs.

Permit me to diverge from generalities to particulars, in speaking of the part of woman in this her latest, as well as her greatest endeavor. It is the greatest because for the first time individual woman has risen to a union of all women in all departments, and from every quarter of the globe.

Alone and single handed she has hitherto struggled and done her best. From this time onward the united hands of all women will sustain and advance the labors of each individual—will share her burdens and participate in her achievements, and she will be a co-worker with man in all that is beneficial to humanity.

In this western city, so far from the fearful scenes of the Revolutionary War, is now being held an exposition such as will challenge the wonder and admiration of the world.

In the responsibilities of this creation, women have been permitted to share. When we contemplate what has been accomplished, words but faintly express the admiration we must feel for the President of the Board of Lady Managers. The work of this devoted woman has gone on for more than two years. With absolute singleness of heart, and purity of pur-

pose, she has daily thought and daily wrought for the uplifting of all women. With an intellect so fine as to command the admiration of all who have the privilege of knowing her, with a calm judgment and an almost unerring sense of right, the peerless President of the Board of Lady Managers is recognized by us all as our wise and safe leader. No words of mine can describe to you the anxieties she has endured, the difficulties she has surmounted. Her name is known everywhere, and, though the glorious buildings of the exposition shall cease to be, the work of this wise and gentle woman will live forever; women everywhere will be the better for her having lived, and, since no good word can ever die, who can predict the beneficial results of the labors of this beautiful and gracious woman.

The Board of Lady Managers, created by the National Government, is the most powerful organization that has ever existed among women; official committees coöperating with it have been created by the governments, and supported by government funds in England, France, Spain, Germany, Italy, Austria, Russia, Cape Colony, Cuba, Mexico, Nicaragua, Brazil, Argentine Republic, Jamaica, and Ceylon.

Its power and capacity for usefulness has been recognized, not alone in the legislation of the land of its creation, but in the councils of all civilized peoples.

The Woman's Building, erected under the auspices of this Board, is in design the creation of a woman's brain—that of Sophia G. Hayden, and when it is seen with the magnificent structures surrounding it, designed by men, it stands superbly in comparison, a unique and splendid work in the history of woman's development. From almost every civilized nation on the face of the earth has come something to the exhibit of woman's work contained within its walls, and in its exterior and interior as we behold it, can be observed the various creation of woman in almost every phase of art and industry.

In addition to the National Board of Lady Managers, many of the state governments have established Boards composed exclusively of women, for the special purpose of encouraging exhibitions of woman's achievements in every part of the country.



Here in this State, much has been accomplished in that direction that will excite your interest, and I especially ask your attention for the work of Illinois women, as shown in the Columbian Exposition. It may be of interest for you to learn that in the State building every exhibit has passed the judgment of experts, and that the work of Illinois women in art, literature, wood carving, designs, inventions, manufactures, decorative art, and very many other lines is shown.

We have a kindergarten in active operation, with thirty-five children in daily attendance. There is also a desk for the women of the press, where each day active work will be accomplished; also a desk for practical daily work of a woman stenographer. In this country alone the women stenographers have earned upwards of seventy-one millions of dollars during the past year, and their work has been a most important factor in the success of this exposition. The magnitude of their earnings and the consequent increase in comforts to the aged, and education to the young, can scarcely be estimated.

Through the generosity of the Honorable Harlow N. Higinbotham, we have a building in which will be practically demonstrated the work of the Illinois women, surgeons, physicians, and trained nurses. In the same building the Illinois Woman's Pharmaceutical Association will conduct a practical pharmacy.

Realizing the fact that corn is a very important article of diet, and that the United States grows yearly more than is consumed, the Illinois Woman's Exposition Board has established in the Woman's Building a corn kitchen, where every day, for two hours, practical cooking demonstrations are given, and perhaps it will be interesting for you to know that this common product can be cooked in two hundred different ways. All of these displays I commend to your attention as the work of the women of a State admitted to the Union in 1818.

Even we who live here and have had the privilege of seeing the plans as they have unfolded, from the first thought of the Woman's branch of the World's Congress Auxiliary, can hardly comprehend the scope of this work. The woman who has toiled with untiring zeal in this branch of the exposition deserves our deepest gratitude. It seems to those of us who

have daily notified her indefatigable energy and brilliant achievements, that nothing has been forgotten. Every line of human thought and every avenue of endeavor in which women are interested, will be presented during the next six months. All honor to Mrs. Charles Henrotin ! She and her co-workers have accomplished that which is truly marvelous, and it remains for you, my sisters, and the women who from time to time shall gather in these halls, to so conduct their deliberations as to bind together the work of women and the hearts of women of every country and of every station until the grand result shall be felt to the uttermost parts of the earth.

In the name of the Chicago Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, again we bid you welcome.

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Mrs. Stevenson, President-General, received letters from Mrs. Pope, Regent of Kentucky, Mrs. McCartney, Regent of Wyoming Valley Chapter, Pennsylvania, and Mrs. Waring, Chapter Regent of Columbia, South Carolina, expressing their interest in the meeting at Chicago, May 19th, 1893, and regretting their inability to be present.



## RESPONSE BY MRS. WM. D. CABELL,

President-Presiding of the Daughters of the American Revolution,

*To the Address of Welcome by Mrs. Henry M. Shepard, Regent of the Chicago Chapter  
to the Congress of the Society, held May 19, 1893, under the auspices  
of the World's Congress of Representative Women.*

*Madame President and Ladies of the Congress :*

At this moment at least seventeen congresses and conferences are proceeding simultaneously in this great building, dedicated to the arts and, for the time, consecrated to the use of the women, not of America only, but of the whole world. During most of the day of this memorable congress more than twenty such meetings, conducted by women of intellect, of nerve, of devotion to ideal excellence, and to the amelioration of the condition of their sex and of the age, have rivalled each other in interest and value. I have enjoyed the great privilege of listening to many of these women ; I have heard words of wisdom, of counsel, of good cheer, of grand and glowing encouragement, and of pathetic reference to the social evils that still beset our sisters, even those whose lot is cast in this highly-favored land.

May I venture in this assembly of women, equally representative, to assert that no one of the congresses held in this building can excel in interest the little body of women gathered around me to-day ? For, Madam President and ladies, in the great World's Congress of Representative Women this congress is unique. It stands alone in the very essence of its being—in the foundation upon which it rests. In every other of these assemblages progress was the theme of every speaker ; the magnificent present, the glorious future of the republic and of the race, through the instrumentality of our sex, stimulated every voice. The Daughters of the American Revolution alone represent in this congress the glory—the unsurpassed and unspeakable glory—of the past. We are the connecting link, binding together in beautiful symmetry the results with the

causes—the accomplished fact with the memory of the toils and the sacrifices by which that fact was accomplished.

We, daughters of heroic sires, have taken for our task among the working-women of the age to preserve the memory and hold up for emulation the deeds of those men of the Revolution who left their peaceful homes—some of them, like our Washington, for eight years—to fight one losing battle after another against an almost invincible antagonist; wringing success out of defeat; leaving their precious dead on every field; reuniting their shattered forces, when apparently hopelessly scattered, to overwhelm their exultant foes; crossing the frozen rivers; marching barefoot and sleeping uncovered upon the frozen ground; starving, struggling, enduring all things with iron will and trust in God, and finally forging, in the sheer strength of their manhood, the ability to crush the insolence of power and to drive the audacious enemy, with his hireling allies, out of the desolated country, which the American pioneer had determined should be great and free.

Think of those dark days, ladies—the women and children working, enduring in the home; in the field the men, our forefathers, fighting, bleeding, dying for us—for us and our children, and for the enfranchisement of the human race. Think of Lexington, of Trenton, of Saratoga, of Germantown, White Plains, and Valley Forge! Remember the tears and sobs of Washington, as he watched from afar the slaughter of his beloved citizen soldiers by the bloody Hessians! When are the tears by women ever shed more tender than those that flowed down the warrior's stern cheek and tempered a keener edge to the blade which, mightier than Excalibar, was to pierce even to the marrow of the bone of the powers of evil then devastating our land?

Fitting is it, my sisters, that we should proclaim the debt of gratitude due from the women of this age to the men of the present, who maintain us in our rights; to the men of the past, who made those rights possible. Daughters of the American Revolution, it is for us to show that we are not unworthy of the heroes from whom we are sprung.

Let it not be thought, because we are modest, we are, therefore, not strong; that, because we honor the past, we are indifferent to the noble issues of the present. The three

thousand women of our Society will be found keenly alive to every question of true value to man or woman in this land ; to every subject underlying the safety of the state or adapted to raise its place among the nations of the globe. Our inspiration lies in those two talismanic words dear to every American heart—the Home we teach our daughters to grace; the Country we rear our sons to defend.

We are the first among the country-women of Washington to advocate the fulfillment of his sacred bequest and the restoration, by the government, of the squandered fund intended to found a National University. Let us use our influence to hasten the development of that glorious idea, and let it be the boast of our posterity that to the most conservative organization of women in the United States is it due that the fairest chaplet was placed upon the brow of the lady men worship under the name of *Columbia*—the laurel wreath of letters, of science, of art, of high philosophy, of glorious original thoughts ! Let us give the impetus to the establishment in the city of Washington of the only possible rival to our majestic Capitol—the grandest university of the world.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is much to be regretted that the season selected for the meeting of this congress should have proven too inconvenient to the ladies of Washington (the seat of *our* National Government), our Board of Management, and of the largest Chapter of our order to permit a more general attendance. But their hearts are with us ; their best wishes attend us, and they hope much for the advancement of our rapidly-growing association from this most interesting conference. The time is not far distant, believe me, when a congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution will be in itself a "Congress of Representative Women."

You will unite with me in acknowledging, with grateful thanks, the assignment of this place in the great congress of women, due to the generous hospitality of our sisters of the beautiful lake city of Chicago, and in reciprocating fourfold the kind and cordial greeting of their large-hearted and broad-minded Regent, who has voiced to us so eloquently their words of welcome.

## OUR NATIONAL HYMN.

By SUSAN RIVIERE HETZEL.

*For the meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Chicago, May 19, 1893.*

It gave me great pleasure to receive the invitation of the Daughters of the American Revolution to meet at Chicago on the 19th of May, 1893, and to learn that one of the subjects to be discussed was that of a national hymn, for I have felt, ever since the founding of this Society, that the English national anthem was not a proper melody to be sung by the patriotic societies of America. It might be honestly sung by Tories, and also at the meetings of the St. George Society and at other English reunions; but for the societies that meet to commemorate the establishment of American independence, it is inappropriate and objectionable.

"God Save the Queen" is a finer musical composition than Giardini's Italian Hymn; and "Haydn's God Save the Kaiser," the Austrian national anthem, is a finer composition than "Garibaldi's Hymn," or "Venezia Benedetta," but can anyone fancy an Italian singing "God Save the Kaiser" as a national hymn? We might with greater propriety sing "La Marseillaise," for that is a song of liberty. We have five other songs which might have been sung at the opening of this exhibition. Two of them are of English origin, but were never used as national airs by any but Americans.

The ribald Bacchanalian song, "To Anacreon in Heaven," was entirely unworthy of the stately rhythm which the famous English composer, Dr. Arne, conferred upon it early in the eighteenth century. It was first set to patriotic words by Robert Treat Paine, the signer. "Ye Sons of Columbia Who Bravely Have Fought," was written very soon after the Revolution, but during the War of 1812 the words were written by Francis Scott Key, with which the melody will always be identified "The Star Spangled Banner" is the most noble of our national songs. It is too high in range for any but a

trained singer, in the original key, C natural; but by transposing it a minor third into A, it can be readily sung in chorus. The second and third verses are narrative and not necessary to the song, but the fourth verse is devotional and should not be omitted.

"Yankee Doodle" was a simple English nursery rhyme and jig. It was a camp song of the Revolution, and ballads on almost every event, from the Lexington alarm to the surrender of Cornwallis, were written and sung by the soldiers. Some of these songs might be sung in chorus at Chapter meetings on Revolutionary anniversaries, thus recalling the anniversary and realizing the patriotic spirit of the army.

"Hail Columbia" is entitled to our respect, and should be kept in continual remembrance, for it was written in honor of Washington's election to the presidency. It was first called the "President's March." It was sung by the ladies of Trenton when they met Washington at the bridge. The words "Hail Columbia" were written about two months later by Joseph Hopkinson, the son of Francis Hopkinson, the signer. It has been criticized as "conglomerate." The first two lines suggest "The Garb of Old Gaul," but there the resemblance ceases. It has a fine martial tread and a chorus easily learned. At the Constitutional Celebration in 1887, our beloved autocrat, Dr. Holmes, wrote additional words which would be a beautiful welcome to our English visitors:

"Welcome friends who once were foes."

"Hail to the Chief" is generally reserved for the entrance of a president or commanding officer. Dr. Holmes has written two patriotic songs for that melody, one of general application, the other on the "Battle of Lexington."

The last song I shall mention is a simple American ballad, "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean." It seems to be claimed by the navy, but there is no reason why it should not also be sung by the Sons and the Daughters. The chorus is so "catching" that it can always be sung on an impromptu occasion. Even the smallest Daughter too young to join the Society might join in the chorus:

"Hurrah for the Red, White, and Blue!"



Let us not forget these old songs. Let us revive their memories and cherish them as mementoes of a heroic past. Let us sing them at our meetings; but let us call upon the poets and composers of our native land to give us a national hymn that will be as stately and majestic as the anthems of England, Russia, France, or Germany.

Holmes still lives: "The Last Leaf upon the Tree." Stedman, Field, Riley, Margaret Preston, Julia Ward Howe, and many other younger poets are worthy of such a task; and who can say in the land of Dudley Buck, Harrison Millard, John Henry Hopkins, George William Warren, and Reginald De Koven, that we have no composer to do justice to the subject.

But to the Daughters here assembled I appeal. Can you not close this meeting with "Hail Columbia," which honors Columbus as well as America, as does also "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean," our sea-song; or with the "Star-Spangled Banner," the most beautiful of all? To sing the melody of "God Save the Queen" is misleading to thoughtless Americans, and a thorn in the side of those who realize its purport. At this International Exposition I cannot say how it must appear to our foreign guests. To a British subject it must excite first indignation and then derision. Indignation that we should so appropriate their national anthem and give it our name; and derision because we have no air of our own that we are willing to sing and so use the air which has belonged for centuries to the nation of whom we declared our Independence in 1776. Let us shake off this lingering dependence on Britain; let us do justice to our trans-Atlantic guests, and not take what belongs to them, and call it ours. Let "God Save the Queen," miscalled "America," be sung no more by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

## OUR MAGAZINE.

*Read at the Congress of Representative Women, before the Meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution, in Chicago, May 19, 1893, by Mrs. Milched Spotswood Mathes, Regent of Tennessee.*

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY is the magazine of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the accepted medium for the interchange of facts, sentiments, and common *sympathies*, and it is my pleasant duty to speak briefly upon this subject. This is to be the historical mill to which all the grist of tradition or memorial of Revolutionary days can be brought, and its grindings will brighten our conceptions of that most glorious period of our history. Too much cannot be written on that age, for every hero of that time is worthy of our undying gratitude; yet how little comparatively known, how many interesting and typical anecdotes of that time are preserved only in the memories of old people or destructible and unavailable family records.

The object of the MAGAZINE is to contribute in all ways to an increased knowledge of American history. It fosters patriotism, it tends directly toward the development of historical fiction, familiarizes all with public life and government, and need not be confined to the Revolutionary era it can aspire to teach political integrity by portraying public life and manners of the present day, and it should, of course, be strictly impartial in tone and non-partisan. This is fast becoming a possibility in political writings, when we consider the lofty tone of impartiality preserved by the New York *Herald* and *Times*, the *Nation* and *Review of Reviews*, and when we consider that such unprejudicial histories of the Civil War are now being written as that of Woodrow Wilson, of South Carolina, and such magazine as the *Blue and Gray*, it is apparent that such an ideal would not be unattainable.

An intelligent consideration of the workings of our great Government would make women more capable of exercising a

beneficent influence under the conditions which they enjoy, and make this MAGAZINE the medium of unifying the entire work of this grand organization, and a development of strength and power which could not be attained through any other agency. In its pages we may read of strange scenes and picturesque and novel life; of many struggles when the silence of the forest had scarcely been broken, and over the enchanting rudeness of the land hung a wierd and dim romance of an untutored race of plumed and painted swarthy men; of dark clouds of experiences, of want and war, and how feebly-guarded homes of pioneers were savagely assailed. Here, again, you may feast, like honey-bees among the flowers, upon associations old, but to memory dear—among old letters of long ago, written in sentiments of pure and sacred worth, which have been gathered from the eternal fields of truth. We can find seats by historic firesides and listen to tales most woeful and most triumphant, their share in glory's harvest of history and renown; catch glimpses of ancestral homes, and tender and beautiful are the fond lights which float around them, while affection comes seeking the haunts of buried worth. As we gaze with fond tenderness into the face of some maternal or paternal ancestor and read of their achievements for their home and country in those times of peril and bloodshed, we naturally fall into contrasting *their* experiences with those of our own, and a sense of gratitude and contentment is sure to fill our hearts with new and strong resolves.

In turning the pages, we find the portraits of many of our illustrious women of to-day—noble for virtue and energy of mind, with wreaths of blessings on their brows, with Christian civilization and the end of her advanced claims—the bases of her family renown and strength, so wisely, deeply laid by what we now know were our fathers' aims.

The MAGAZINE is the key which unlocks the way for kin to find kin, no matter how distant. One instance, of which I shall speak, brought together warm cousinly acquaintance from the extreme East to the Middle States, and from the South came messages from unknown relatives. One name in the MAGAZINE had been the electric spark which fired the hearts of all, each one having her family record and privileges of rela-

tionship through birth of blood to this heroine of the Revolution. She had created such a good will and united all in ties of consanguinity from the cold Granite State to the Old Dominion. With clasped hands and hearts, they came with greeting to their newly-discovered cousins in Tennessee. The MAGAZINE contains the workings of all the different Chapters, with their original ideas, plans, and purposes, which are so well and clearly expressed that it brings to us a use, completeness, and influence which are necessary to the very existence of our Society. Every faction has its organ. The newspapers are the lungs of the great public. The pulpit is the voice of the church, and the MAGAZINE is the soul of our sisterhood, with its pages so full of links of the past and present, which are the highest proofs of the sacred honor perpetuated to which we owe our cloudless sky of peace, of freedom, and of fame.

Shall we not most heartily and generously sustain this record, which is to lead us on to nobler womanhood, enriching our lives and beautifying with clearness the paths of honesty and earnestness in which our fathers trod, and on its pages place their names with ours, their deeds of heroism and sacrifice in contrast to ours of ease and indulgence, and find a new incentive to imitate our slumbering sires? Many new acquaintances are introduced by the MAGAZINE with interesting sketches and incidents, and historical events are told in a clear and more localized manner than can be found elsewhere. Each heart can give its own history, which has so long been silent within the closed pages of the old family record; instead of leaving it to the formal hands of the historian, let it be the hand of love to rescue from oblivion the unmentioned names of our brave defenders. Let the MAGAZINE be the Olive branch, uniting in love through memories of the past and embalming them as leaves to be treasured by our descendants, and thus let the AMERICAN MONTHLY assist us in educating them for the honor and prosperity of our country and glory of our God.

In conclusion, let me offer my mite of appreciation of the untiring efforts of the editors, who have so faithfully endeavored to make their work not only a witness for the past and present, recording the eventful course of years, but may it be as a clear star of faith unto the impressible young hearts, un-

folding and telling to the listening soul of the silver bonds of kindred so full of love and virtue, and may the birth of new growth to beauty be renewed, including our children's children—

“And may their hearts to those pages through the future turn,  
While thoughts of the past and memories burn;  
And then in the present we will strive for a name  
Not wholly unworthy of our ancestors fame.”



## ADDRESS OF MISS FLORIDE CUNNINGHAM.

*Lady Manager World's Columbian Commission for South Carolina,  
to the Daughters of the American Revolution, at Memorial Art  
Palace, Chicago, May 19, 1893.*

*Mrs. President and Daughters of the American Revolution :*

At the request of Mrs. F. B. Moran, of Charlottesville, Virginia, the Vice-Regent of the Mount Vernon Chapter of your organization, I have the honor to present to you, in her name, one thousand copies of "Miss Washington, of Virginia."

This book will be on sale at the Exposition, and the proceeds accruing from the same are to be placed to the credit of the Memorial Hall contemplated by you at Washington, D. C.

The distinction of presiding at this table has been conferred upon me, and I hope, ere the close of the Fair, to turn over to your treasurer a check for at least one thousand dollars.

The gifted author and patriotic woman who makes this generous contribution is a great-grandniece of the late Judge Bushrod Washington, to whom Mount Vernon was willed, and one of the most energetic and enthusiastic members of your body. Mrs. Moran selected me to make this presentation and to become the custodian of these books in loving memory of my late aunt, Ann Pamela Cunningham, the founder and the first Regent of the Mount Vernon Association.



## A PLEA FOR ST. JOHN'S PARISH.

The February number of the MAGAZINE contained a most interesting and instructive account of the "Minute Man of the Revolution," written by a member of the Springfield (Massachusetts) Chapter. I was sorry to see, however, that the author makes the statement that Georgia was the only colony that refused to send delegates to the Continental Congress without any qualification. It made me feel as if my "Half-Forgotten Chapter of Georgia History," published in the December MAGAZINE, had been written in vain.

In that article I endeavored to bring out the attitude of St. John's Parish, in Georgia, at the critical period, and show how her loyalty and zeal, which finally turned the scale in favor of the patriot cause, might partly atone for the wavering conduct of the province as a whole. The inhabitants of this Parish were descendants of the Puritans who followed Winthrop to the New World in 1630. Their forefathers had dwelt in New England, and they felt the kindred blood stirring in their veins when they heard of the tyranny and oppression to which their friends and relatives in Boston were subjected. When the meeting held in Savannah decided not to send deputies to the General Congress, St. John's Parish dissented from this decision, and resolved to send deputies to the General Committee and adopt the articles of Continental Association emanating from that body. "On the 25th of March they met and elected Dr. Lyman Hall as a delegate to Congress. At this period the Parish of St. John possessed nearly one-third of the entire wealth of the province, and its inhabitants were remarkable for their upright and independent character. Alone she stood, a Pharos of Liberty, in England's most loyal province, renouncing every fellowship that savored not of freedom, and refusing every luxury which contributed to ministerial coffers. Proud spot of Georgia's soil!"

The following resolution adopted by the General Committee at Charleston, South Carolina, shows the feeling existing among the other colonies toward the Parish of St. John :

*"Resolved*, That the chairman be desired to write a proper letter to the committee of the Parish of St. John, in Georgia, assuring them of the high sense we have of their arduous struggle in favor of the common cause of America," etc.

An idea of the spirit of the people may be gathered from the following letter, addressed by Sir James Wright, then Royal Governor of Georgia, dated April 24th, 1775, to the Earl of Dartmouth :

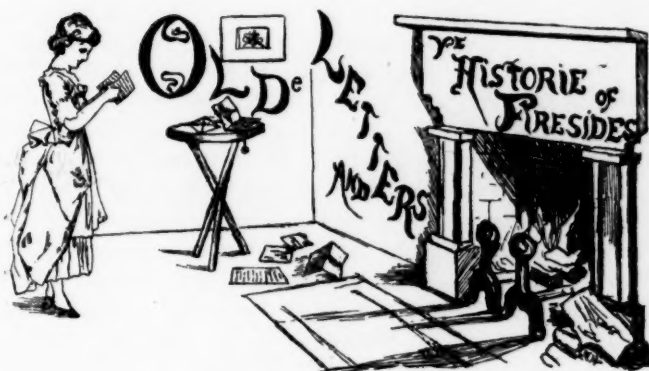
"But here, my Lord, I must mention that a few inhabitants of the Parish of St. John, chiefly descendants of New England people, who left New England and settled in South Carolina forty or fifty years ago, and who, there is great reason to believe, still retain a strong tincture of Republican or Olivirian principles, have entered into an agreement among themselves to adopt both the resolutions and association of the Continental Congress. \* \* \* It is said that they have collected about two hundred barrels of rice, which Hall is to carry with him, for the relief of their poor, distressed, innocent brethren in Boston, suffering under tyranny and oppression."

In truth, the Parish sent a larger number of barrels of rice, and a considerable contribution in money to their oppressed brethren in Boston.

I feel a personal pride in setting forth this bit of Georgia history, for my own ancestors were inhabitants of St. John's, and I, too, am a descendant of New England. The tie between Georgia and Massachusetts should be particularly strong, and I am sure that my Springfield friend will see that all of Georgia should not be held responsible for the actions of a few unpatriotic, or, perhaps, weak and wavering men. Both justice and generosity demand a full recognition of the claims of St. John's Parish, and the descendants of the Minute Men of New England will be the last to deny either to their far-off cousins of the Georgia coast.

E. ANDREW HILL.





[Copy of a letter from the REV. JAMES CALDWELL to his wife.]

ALBANY, May 24, 1776.

MY DEAREST :

I returned last night from Johnstown where Capt. Dayton's Battalion was sent to rout a horrid nest of Tories. Sir John had up on his land near 600 Scots & Germans who are so need and dependent upon him that the greater part of them from fear or stupidity will do what he directs. Before we arrived Sir John & the greater part of his Tenants retired into thick woods, with their arms, whither it was impossible for us to follow them. Besides we had another obstruction. About 9 miles distant from Johnstown in the lower Castle or Town of Mohawk Indians Sir John's influence with them joined with that of their missionary *Stewart* who resided in their Town & a Scotch School Master, prevailed upon the warriors to appear in arms as soon as we arrived in that country. It was necessary to hold a treaty with them and appease their minds, lest we should bring on an Indian War; this treaty lasted Monday & Tuesday. The Sachems were for us; the warriors generally of the lower Castle are Tories & came painted in a horrid warlike manner. Our brave youths looked upon this as a kind of insult or challenge and wished for liberty to revenge the indignity offered to conti-

mental arms. We however conducted the treaty with just calmness and firmness as brot the warriors to declare themselves fully satisfied and thot they would go home in peace. But before this was finished Sir John and as many of his party as he could take with him had marched off and it is thot will attempt to go to Niagara or Osweegah. It is probable they will be either intercepted for we have sent alarms before them or will so suffer in the wilderness that not many of them would reach the place they intended. By what Lady Johnson says they expected our people were defeated at Quebec and that troops were arrived at New York. I think it therefore possible Sir John intends to join the troops above Montreal and come down to attack that place. But the Lord seeth all these things ; & if He delighteth in us, will deliver us out of their hands. I find however that the Gentlemen of the army and the active persons of the Country will withdraw from the service if some more effectual & Vigorous measures are not taken against the Tories. Not a measure is concluded upon or a step taken, but it is communicated by them to their associates from Quebec to New York & whatever additions will serve their purpose they will join without scruples. The woman in Johnstown where we lodged, rec'd a letter while we were there from her husband Capt. Tyee in London, who fled there with Guy Johnson. This must have been conveyed by Tories and thus they transmit intelligence from England & one another. Johnstown tho but a small village is so fortified as to render it an object of great importance. It is the key from the upper to the lower parts of the country. Its neighborhood to the Indian Country gives those who possess it a great advantage over those contemptable & yet in some respects terrible people. A long Court house of Brick, a Beautiful Church & strong Goal of stone and so placed as to answer well for fortifications, and were probably intended by Sir William Johnson for that purpose. Our troops are pursuing measures to quiet the Country & a Garrison consisting of one or two companies will undoubtedly be stationed here when we leave it which I expect will be next week. I came down to negotiate the matter and shall return tomorrow & when I arrive here again, on our way back to Quebec, shall God willing write you again.

Col. Dayton, Major Barber & all other acquaintances are well, and I have the pleasure to see they grow more orderly in their behavior. Those who at first attended prayers as a task now do it of choice and give solemn attendance. The officers treat me with respect, and I have the strongest marks of their affection. Since I joined them I have not met the least offense or anything to put me out of humor. If my family and Congregation are well I am happy amidst useful fatigues. Last night I slept in Bed for the first time the week past.

Some of the Tories who were concerned in the plot we were sent to prevent, are just now brot prisoners to this Town. Remorse smote some of them who were engaged & Compassion for some particular friends caused them to discover the plot & a member of the unfortunates. Of the whole matter you shall soon have a full account. At present it is not proper to say more. Surely we have the right or such infernal measures would not be discovered against us. Goods are here as dear I believe as with you, but more plenty of them. I have sent you 6 Pocket Handkerchiefs which cost 5/ cash.

I have not received a letter from any of you since I came from home. Mr. Long was here to-day & says he left Eliz. Town last Tuesday & thot all were well. N. Deane has rec'd two letters since here and are my friends less mindful of me?

My sincere love to you the dear babies & all friends.

Yours as ever in the tenderest bond,

JAMES CALDWELL.

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[Originals loaned by Mrs. E. H. WALWORTH]

THE HONBLE M. D. HARDIN

Via Marietta FRANKFORT (K)

WASH<sup>N</sup> 4 Feb. 1816

Dr Sir

On the subject of a bank to which your last favor principally relates I can offer no satisfactory conjecture. I think it very doubtful whether a majority, compounded of Federalists, those who believe it unconstitutional and those who are influenced by State institutions, will not defeat the object. Whilst I

believe it a great remedy for existing evils, I doubt if its remedial powers are not overrated. Whatever may be its fate, I think Government will exert all its powers to produce the renewal of specie payments, the true corrective of the present malady.

The System of Revenue adapted to our present condition is what immediately engages our attention. I am in favor of a liberal one, and I still hope that that which has been recommended by the Commee of Ways and Means will be finally adopted in substance. The direct way rules the hardest.

I have been so confined that I have barely seen Judge Todd, with whom I have not yet had an opportunity of conversing particularly about the change alluded to in one of your letters. Concurring with you, I will do anything in my power to effect what you have intimated.

Who does Kentucky prefer as President? Her delegation is much divided, at least it is alleged so.

Truly yrs

H. CLAY

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### IN DEFENSE OF MRS. ARNOLD.\*

[From letters and papers relating chiefly to the Provincial History of Pennsylvania by THOMAS BALCH, page LXI and LXII.]

"The following facts are vouched for as known in the family at the time, often privately repeated, but never mentioned beyond its most intimate circle 'till the publication of the base calumny contained in the memoirs of Aaron Burr. Mrs. Arnold having determined to go to her father in Philadelphia set out in her carriage to travel there by easy stages. \* \* \* Burr himself met her at Mrs. Prevost's, and when she left the house in the morning offered his escort, which he pretended might be useful to her in the then excited state of the public mind on the subject of the treason. On the way he made love

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\* The charge against Mrs. Arnold in Parton's *Life of Burr* (I, 126) is conclusively refuted by Sabme, in his *Loyalists of the American Revolution* (I, 172-178). I think there can be no doubt that Burr lied.—*From the American Revolution, by John Fiske, vol. II, page 213.*

to this afflicted lady, thinking to take advantage of her just feelings of indignation towards her husband, to help him in his infamous design. Indignantly repelled he treasured up his revenge, and left a story behind him worthy of his false and malignant heart."

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[ABRAHAM LINCOLN to DAVID A. SMITH, law partner of JOHN J. HARDIN.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3, 1847.

Friend Smith :

This is my first day at this place, & on reaching here I found your letter in relation to your business with Douglass—I met him this afternoon, but disliking to dunn him at the first meeting with him, I let it pass for the time. I will attend to it shortly however & write to you.

You intimate that there is some danger of my neglecting the business; but if you will get me as good a fee as you got for Jo. Gillespie in the case he tells of, I'll never desert you.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

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#### EDUCATION IN THE OLDEN-TIME, VERSUS "NOW-A-DAYS."

In 1781 my grandmother was born in New Jersey, County of Essex, at what was, and still is, "Connecticut Farms." The ancestral home has withstood for over a century the sun of summer and storms of winter, and compares favorably with the surrounding modern residences. When grandma was a "wee tot" it must have been palatial! I take her as a representative woman of the period. Of distinguished Revolutionary lineage, her lot in the drama of life was amid the refinements and education demanded at that time. Memory pictures her as always dressed in black, a kerchief of blond net at throat, and a dainty cap of the same—the most placid, and gentlest of women. My childish speculations as to her childhood and youth were manifold, and I was quite convinced

she had always been a dear, lovable old grandma! But not so a century ago; her joyous laughter was heard and her step bounded within the walls of a fashionable boarding school in New York. She read the Bible every morning, wrote compositions in a fine Italian hand, played the harpsichord, danced the stately minuet, worked "samplers," and, like the unfortunate Queen of Scots, labored assiduously at large pieces of tapestry in floss. The dear fingers have long been still in death, but the "Shepherd and Shepherdess" in floss continue to adorn the wall, and are evidence of her youthful patience! At the present time, when the juvenile brain is taxed by such a multitude of studies, grandma's education would not be considered superior; but, sanctified by the sacred influences of home, it developed a noble woman, whose name is held in loving memory by many charities that she founded, the homeless and orphan children for whom she provided, and the missionaries that she so generously remembered. Every good work that could bless humanity touched a responsive chord in her womanly heart, and, "while dead, she yet liveth." The magic ties of domesticity, of home, of heart, were, from force of circumstances, more developed in the olden-time. The women spun and wove the flax, made garments and quilts, and their deft fingers were never idle, sewing or knitting. Women then were the light and guiding star of home; as described by Solomon, "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." But the times have changed; these homely virtues are obsolete. The spindle and distaff have been routed and superceded by the sewing-machine, ready-made and woven garments. Progression, necessity, relentless circumstances, all drag women into a more public life. There is a feeling of unrest, a striving for what is beyond the limit of home, that has a deleterious effect upon the women of the present and should be resisted. Women, instead of considering the responsibilities of wifehood and motherhood as God-given and God-sent, try to shirk the obligation. The little tender child is sent to kindergarten, the mother is relieved so many hours; the child advances, school succeeds the kindergarten, more studies, still higher pressure; the girl is rushed on and on, entirely separated from domestic influences, scarcely

conscious of a mother's guidance; for that divine and all potent power given to the mother has been dormant. Time passes; a "tea," the first movement of that great maelstrom called society, announces that this fair young girl is enrolled among the women of the nation. Alas! Alas! for the perpetuity of our institutions and the glory of our womanhood, when intrusted to the keeping of such weak women—weak, for they have no knowledge of the realities of life and are ignorant and undisciplined in the arts that make home the bulwark of the nation. Is such a woman fitted to assume the marriage vows, "to serve him and keep him in sickness and health," when she is ignorant of the very rudiments that make home happy and comfortable? Could she order or prepare dinner?—a homely virtue, but one men appreciate; and, as for the gentle ministrations to the sick, it was not included in any of the sciences in her advanced education. It is pitiful, and the mothers of the present are responsible! Home as a good old-fashioned institution is in a measure extinct; the spirit of unrest and change, like a repellant vampire, has sucked its life-blood. Families are here in the winter, there in the summer—a season everywhere but home! It is a demon to resist, and every woman in the land should sound the alarm to protect intact the sacred ramparts of home. In every enticement that lures her loved ones from home, woman should "smell treason in the tainted gale," and in every invitation incompatible with the pure and simple joys of home she should hear the "bugle blast of some robber band," and be ready to defend, even unto death, the sacred influences of home! I met recently a young girl, who is an alien in her native land; a descendant of a distinguished Revolutionary family, a member of a numerous family ramification, and yet she is friendless. From early childhood, her parents have been wanderers, and she has never known the delights or been subjected to the sweet influences of home. She has visited Algeria, Spain, strolled through the Alhambra, gazed upon the midnight sun, enjoyed the fascinations of Paris, explored historic England, clambered over the heather mountains of Scotland, the home of the royal and undaunted Bruce; up Mar's Hill by the rough-hewn steps St. Paul



ascended, her cheek had been fanned by the gentle breeze from Olivet, and she had walked along the Sea of Galilee, perhaps in the very footsteps of our Master; and yet, with this rich and unusual opportunity, she was absolutely dumb! Tutors and masters and governesses, education at high pressure, had destroyed all spontaneity, all responsiveness. If her sensibilities had been developed by the irresistible influences of home, how different the result! Education and travel are to be desired, but, above all things, as American women, let us do battle for our homes. Old furniture, relics, and antiques are much coveted; why not revive the old love for home, and environ it with every domestic and loving attraction, that our daughters will turn to home, and rejoice in home, and be moulded into women true in action and high in purpose—as the women of my grandmother's time.

MARY WYSONG.





## ANN PAMELA CUNNINGHAM.

*First Regent of Mt. Vernon Association.*

When, on the 15th of August, 1816, Louisa Dalton Bird presented to her husband, Captain Robert Cunningham, of Rosemonte Plantation, the family seat in Laurens County, South Carolina, a daughter, they little thought at the manor that a child had been born whose name was destined to become one of the most illustrious among the daughters of the United States ; though, in all the country around, it was a recognized fact that a child born to the family at Rosemonte, by right of inheritance, should be endowed with fine sensibilities, mental energy, and decision of character ; for not only had the Cunninghams of the past displayed such qualities, but also such qualities had been pronounced in the families into which they had married : the Harrises, of the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia ; the Daltons, of Alexandria, in the same State ; and that ancient and intellectual family of Pennsylvania, the Birds, of Birdslow, a member of which married a signer of the Declaration of American Independence, Judge Wilson. A member of the Dalton family married a Herbert, and a son of this union chose his wife from among the Washingtons. The subject of this sketch was not the only one of her generation to attain celebrity, for her late brother, Colonel John Cunningham, was one of the ripest scholars of his time.

- An able debater, he was also a writer on fiscal and constitutional questions. Their maternal first cousin and adopted brother was the famous William L. Yancey, who reached the highest honors in the State of Alabama, his chosen home ; he was prominent both in the Federal and Confederate Congresses and one of the most versatile and magnetic orators of his day.

The Cunninghams are from Scotland. The branch to which Pamela Cunningham belonged came from officers of the English army.

Ann Pamela Cunningham was born in August, 1816 ; was christened Ann in commemoration of her father's mother and

Pamela in that of his only sister, a ruddy-complexioned, bright-faced, and auburn-haired lassie of the robust Scotch type, who, when scarce eighteen, fell by accident a victim to the flames, and died under the most heart-rending circumstances. Ann Pamela grew apace, her head growing much faster than her body, and, after her years of babyhood were passed, she attracted attention, perhaps not so much on account of quaint sayings as on account of appearance. On a very delicate body and slim shoulders was poised an abnormally large head, having high, square forehead, crowned with a profusion of red hair. The child was not pretty, yet the woman was beautiful. From her earliest days, under the influence of her father's well-filled library, constantly in the hearing of the intellectual and cultured conversation of her parents and the clever, highly-educated, and refined people they drew around them, under the guidance of good nurses and teachers, this keen and observant young mind absorbed much mental nourishment. Allowed to run at large over the broad grounds and extensive plantations of the estate, to ride and drive at will, the delicate limbs and body expanded and rounded into a womanhood of perfect physical mould, the red hair had toned into auburn, the mouth had grown full and decisive, the chin well cut and firm, the nose a model for a sculptor, and the large, bluish-gray eyes showed both the veiled and inner gaze of reflection and the open and lively glance of comprehension. She became the pupil of Dr. Elias Marks and his wife, Julia, of the Pierreponts of Vermont, whose school at Barhamville, near Columbia, the capital, had become noted through the South. Here, for several years, the young Pamela sat poring over her books, involuntarily defying the good Doctor and his wife, whom she loved as parents, and giving hour after hour that rightfully belonged to bodily exercise and mental relaxation to the closest study. When she left to enter upon the social duties which devolved on the daughters of wealthy and aristocratic homes of the South before the war, she wrecked her health, and, but for the skill of the eminent physician, Dr. Hodge, of Philadelphia, she would have filled an early grave. Her case was so complicated and malignant that the Doctor gave up much of his time to its

study and treatment. He made it, with all the delicacy of his high instincts, the subject of some of his lectures before his classes in the Medical College of the Quaker City. He preserved to her life, but for over twenty years she was prostrated by a spinal disease.

Having been such a student and reader, one would have thought Miss Cunningham would give her life to literature, but her temperament was active and her aims practical. In 1853 Mt. Vernon, the home and tomb of Washington, was offered for sale. Who was to buy it? No conditions, no limitations, accompanied the offer. The Congress of the United States and the Legislature of Virginia both refused to be the purchasers. Speculators alone seemed to be the destined owners of the sacred place. Their idea was to utilize it as a site for a manufactory!

About this time Miss Cunningham and her mother were returning from Philadelphia, where they had been on one of their pilgrimages to the skilled and honored Dr. Hodge, for the purpose of seeking relief for the sufferer. On a summer afternoon they drifted down the Potomac. As Mt. Vernon was approached and passed, the bell tolled in solemn tones, and to the mind of the mother came the gentle, sweet, but sad, memories of former days, the memories of her early childhood and home; those memories that brought back the sentiments and opinions that prevailed and shed light around her early years. Her heart being full, her tongue found eloquence. Addressing burning words to her daughter, she deplored the probable fate of the home of the father of this country; she spoke of how beautiful it would be if the women of his country would organize and purchase Mt. Vernon and dedicate it to the people, of whom he was the chief. These words set ablaze the alert and brilliant intellect of the invalid woman. That resolute spirit, forgetful of its frail, diseased, and diminutive body, resolved to make her mother's suggestion a fact; a reality that was accomplished through patient and persistent effort. Reaching Charleston, South Carolina, she consulted able advisers, among whom may be mentioned James L. Petigrew. Under their judicious counsel, with that of Judge Berrien, of Georgia, in the course of time an application was

made to the Virginia Legislature for a charter, that an association could be formed.

In December, 1853, Miss Cunningham, under the signature of *A Southern Matron*, issued the following appeal :

TO THE LADIES OF THE SOUTH.

"A descendant of Virginia, and now a daughter of Carolina, moved by feelings of reverence for departed greatness and goodness, by patriotism and a sense of national, and, above all, of Southern honour, ventures to appeal to you in behalf of the 'Home and Grave' of Washington.

"Ladies of the South, of a region of warm, generous, enthusiastic hearts, where still lingers some unselfish love of country and country's honour, some chivalric feelings yet untouched by that 'material spirit,' so rapidly overshadowing the morals of our beloved land—a moral blight, fatal to man's noblest attributes, and which love of money and speculations alone seems to survive—to you we turn, you, who retain some reverence for the noble dead, some admiration and remembrance of exalted worth and service, even when they are no more ! Of you we ask : Will you, can you, look on passively, and behold the home and grave of the matchless patriot, who is so completely identified with your land, sold as a possession to speculators without such a feeling of indignation firing your souls, as shall cause you to rush with one heart and spirit to the rescue ?

"Ladies of the South, can you still, with closed souls and purses, while the world cries : 'Shame upon America,' suffer Mt. Vernon, with all its sacred associations, to become, as is spoken of and probable, the seat of manufacturers and manufactories, noise and smoke, and the 'busy hum of men,' destroying all sanctity and repose around the tomb of your own world's wonder ? Oh, it cannot be possible !

"What ! such sacrilege, such desecration, while you have the hearts to feel the shame and the power to prevent it ! Never ! Forbid it shades of the dead, that the pilgrims to the shrine of true patriotism should find thee forgotten and surrounded by blackening smoke and deafening machinery, where money,

money, only money, ever enters the thought, and gold, only gold, moves the heart or nerves the arm.

"Once, our Congressional Halls were the resort of wisdom, integrity, and patriotism; where enlightened heads and upright hearts, sought to fulfill their official obligations by comprehending and faithfully executing the 'glorious code of laws,' which bound us into one common country; also by vying with each other who should add most to that country's weal at home and glory abroad. Washington, and his principles, and his spirit, appear no longer to influence the city which bears his name. Oh, who that has a spark of patriotism, but must mourn such early degeneracy, when they see who fill our legislative halls and crowd our metropolis! Who can restrain a pang of shame, when they behold the annual rush thither of jobbers and bounty seekers, of office aspirants and trucklers, of party corrupters and corrupted, all collecting like a flock of vultures to their prey—prowling amidst and polluting the grave high purposes of legislation.

"Ladies of the South! should we appeal to such as these to protect the grave of Washington from the grasp of the speculator and the worldling! And should we appeal either to, or through, your senators and representatives? What have they done, or would, or could do, in that mephitic air?

"No, it is to you, mothers and daughters of the South, that the appeal can be made with a hopeful confidence. It is woman's office to be a vestal, and even the 'fire of liberty' may need the care of her devotion and the purity of her guardianship. Your hearts are fresh, reverential, and animated by lively sensibilities and elevating purposes. With you, therefore, patriotism has not yet become a name. And should there ever be again 'times to try men's souls,' there will be found among and of you, as of old, heroines, superior to fear and selfish consideration, acting for country and its honour. Believing this, one of your countrywomen feels emboldened to appeal, in the name of the mother of Washington, and of Southern feeling and honour, to all that is sympathetic and generous in your nature to exert itself, and by your combined effort now, in village and country, town and city, the means may be raised from the mites of thousands of gentle hearts,

upon whom his name has yet a magic spell, which will suffice to secure and retain his home and grave as a sacred spot for all coming time.

"A spontaneous work like this would be such a monument of love and gratitude as has never yet been reared to patriot or mortal man, and while it would save American honour from a blot in the eyes of a gazing world, it would furnish a shrine where at least the mothers of the land and their indignant children, might make their offerings in the cause of the greatness, goodness, and prosperity of their country.

"It is known to you that Congress has virtually declined to purchase and preserve Mt. Vernon in behalf of the nation. Yet there is now a necessity for immediate action, as schemes are on foot for its purchase, and its devotion to money-making purposes. It is therefore respectfully and earnestly suggested to you, and by one who, in her descent, inherited the sympathies and reverence of those who were once in the social relations of life with the 'Father of his country,' that the ladies by general contribution, each a mite, furnish the amount sufficient for the purchase of Mt. Vernon; that the property be conveyed in trust to the President of the United States and the Governor of Virginia, to be preserved and improved in your name as a hallowed resort for all people; that for its continued preservation and improvement, a trifle be charged each visitor; and that your contributions to effect these noble ends may be gathered in to the Governors of your States respectively, to be remitted to the Governor of Virginia, with authority and direction to make the purchase."

The appeal failed to provoke action; not an expression of sentiment allowed itself to be heard. The public was lethargic and unsympathetic. Disappointed, but not discouraged, the incognita put forth even greater exertions, and formulated plans for her all-absorbing object. Life and vitality began to emerge from the blackness of night, and hope rose like the morning. Georgia, Alabama, Virginia, took up the cause, and ere awhile the moral obligation and the grandeur of the proposition seized hold of some of the first hearts and minds of both sexes in this broad land. Genius, talent, and goodness were dedicated to the accomplishment of this great and trium-

phal end. Though beginning as a Southern movement, it very soon became as much a Northern one. Gifted and patriotic women of the North stepped forward with their energy and zeal. These Northern sisters desired that the bond of union should be strengthened. "God grant," said one of them, "that the efforts of *A Southern Matron* may be one more link in the chain which shall forever bind us in a happy union."

In 1854, while working for and urging on an interest in the work, *The Matron* writes: "Ladies of the South, we have high hopes for the result of this enterprise. It is the third started to honour Washington. The first commenced with a flourish of trumpets, processions, orations, and ended with laying a corner-stone near the Hall from which issued the Declaration of Independence. The second is slowly progressing by means which, in the words of a patriotic writer, would disgrace a mendicant. The third is yours, and oh, how much more glorious, and heart-moving the purpose."

Finally, her stirring appeals having fixed the attention of the public, and that impetus that comes with motion having been acquired, the \$200,000 demanded for the property seemed to assume lesser dimensions, and the insane reverie, in which some might have thought this girl, prostrated by physical weakness, was indulging, now took on the body and features of the practical and real. Mrs. Philoclea Eve, Madame Le Vert, Madame Anna Cora Mowét Ritchie, Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. Walworth, Miss Milward, and gradually a host of other women of elevated character and lofty souls joined in, and, while contributing themselves, made collections, which, though small, were a sure thing and sufficient to sustain their efforts. Edward Everett, the scholar and statesman, and the untiring friend of woman, became the gallant knight to champion this cause. His profound and elegant lecture on the "Life and Character of Washington," delivered throughout the Union, was an acknowledgment to the *Southern Matron* of her noble impulse and its incarnation. It netted nearly \$70,000 to the band of workers that afterwards became The Mt. Vernon Association of the Union, with Ann Pamela Cunningham, *A Southern Matron*, as its first Regent.



The preliminary difficulties over—in getting the public interested, of starting a nucleus to the purchase fund, of taking the proper legal steps in the matter, and of being ready to pay the first installments—another barrier arose that seemed more dangerous to the cause than those already conquered. Mr. John A. Washington, the owner of the estate, announced his determination of selling only to the United States or to the State of Virginia. All the circumstances attending the affair were calculated to discourage the women, but the unbending spirit and will force of the invalid fell back upon her quick and fertile mind. Addressing a letter to Mr. Gilmer, Corresponding Secretary of the Mt. Vernon State Committee of Virginia, she writes :

“This is certainly an unexpected result. But, as the enterprise is a noble one, involving, in our estimation, a sacred duty and addressing itself to the daughters of America with a silent and persuasive eloquence too powerful to be unheeded, we should not despair. We should be equal to the occasion and resolve on success, for the present posture of this business is such, that we can but succeed if we will but address ourselves in good earnest to the difficulties and embarrassments which but seem to surround us ; and such is our faith in and reliance on the high and holy influence at work in this matter that we feel our resolution but increases with the necessity for higher exertion. This cause has already brought forth such glowing zeal, and ardent, energetic labours—such holy and lofty patriotism as is worthy of the purer and brighter days of our republic. And should that cause suffer itself to be discouraged, to pass away and leave no enduring evidence of its existence—of how we yet gratefully cherish and reverence the memory of the Father of our Country’s freedom and greatness—that impersonation of elevated patriotic virtue—that apostle of a ‘new era’ in man’s moral and political history? Assuredly not. There is hope of success, even in the existing state of affairs, and should we yield it? We think we hear an emphatic ‘never’ from every lip, and the exclamation, ‘Mt. Vernon ought to be ours, that it may descend, a sacred trust invested with woman’s faith and hope, to posterity,’ from every noble heart !



"Failure, then, is impossible—for, if it should befall our first and holiest purpose, another, about which there can be no doubt, equally worthy of our efforts, and appealing to our feelings, is before us! We can enshrine that beautiful sarcophagus which an humble patriot provided, with a mausoleum worthy of him and of us and secure the proud satisfaction of knowing that no matter what is the future fate of Mt. Vernon—no matter whether his grave is surrounded by 'busy looms,' 'groaning sufferers' or 'toiling labourers' we have invested it with a protected and hallowed appearance which nothing can destroy! It fell to grateful woman to remember a Wellington—a Calhoun—shall she—can she—forget a Washington?

\* \* \* After much patient reflection, we venture to suggest, that if the ladies of Virginia, with a united effort worthy of the occasion, and of their State pride and patriotism, would now petition the Legislature of Virginia to contract for the purchase of Mt. Vernon, reserving to itself the title—but allowing the women of America to pay for it—and to carry out their original plans, such would be the electric influence of their generous effort, that the 'title deed,' to the 'Home and Grave of Washington,' would soon be held secure under the 'sovereign flag' of his native State!"

The title deed was secured, and, as she suggested, the Mt. Vernon Association of the Union, chartered by the State of Virginia, and finally sanctioned by the United States Government in three public acts, had now its habitation and a name, with Pamela, no longer the assumed *Matron*, but merely the gentle "Maid of Carolina," at its head and a Vice-Regent in every State.

With the purchase of Mt. Vernon, the work of the Association was by no means at an end. Care begat care, and out of responsibilities were responsibilities multiplied. Ever feeble and weak in body, the extraordinary woman at the head of the Association labored on, exhibiting a tenacity of purpose, a stoutness of heart, a fund of energy, and a scope of ingenuity that belong alone to determined and high natures. Mr. G. W. Riggs, banker at Washington, D. C., and generous Treasurer of the Association, made the installment payments to John A. Washington, Esq., as long as the money collected lasted.

Upon taking charge of the place, it was found that dilapidation and ruin possessed it; that the garden was in weeds; windows and blinds out of order; every room in need of repair; the columns of the large piazza overlooking the Potomac were down; the extensive greenhouses, built by George Washington himself, were in ashes; outhouses, barns, stables, all in a state of decay; garden, grounds, walks given over to neglect. Even the wharf had disappeared from view, it having been washed away. Here was a sight to dampen the strongest ardor. The waste places must be mended! Where the means to do it? The purchase money far from being all paid! The country, torn by internecine strife and faction, on the verge of a great war! Public and private interests in confusion! To add to the Regent's cares, deep affliction spread its wings over her home. The light and glory of the house had gone out. The kind master, the indulgent father, the magnanimous neighbor, and intelligent citizen had been gathered to his kindred and laid beside them in the family graveyard—that sacred spot on every plantation. Called now to administer her own private affairs, at a time when private as well as public property and revenue were affected by the unsettled state of the country, this woman almost sank under the load. The frail body yielded to spasm after spasm and continued nervous prostration, but her spirit watched and prayed, and that faith, born of reliance in God and principle and which is portrayed in its strongest and loveliest light in woman's nature, bore her up, and every effort was made to tide over affairs until a securer and brighter era.

The war between the States was fought and ended. After seven years of mental work and anxiety, but of absence and cessation in actual and immediate activity, the Regent and Vice-Regents assembled once more in 1866, perplexed, despondent, and very sore of heart. "Shall Congress be asked for help?" was the question proposed. "No, never," said the Regent; "with cold, bitter scorn Congress has refused to purchase the tomb of Washington. The work was begun by the women of America; they will finish it." And the "vestal virgin," who years before, in her retreat in Carolina, had kept the sacred fire of patriotism burning on the altar of her coun-

try, and originated the Association, once more, in spite of added years of feebleness, addressed herself to the gigantic task before her. Every possible means of creating or saving a penny was introduced. Small subscriptions were still solicited and received. Banker Riggs, in the largeness of his soul, took the Association's Virginia bonds, paying par value for them. Congress paid the ladies \$7,000 as an indemnity for the loss occasioned by taking the boat of the Association. Credit was obtained from several generous parties in Alexandria to keep up the actual menage, and to extend, from time to time, the hospitality of the place to the distinguished strangers visiting it. A wharf was built, and a daily, instead of a tri-weekly, boat was kept running. The greenhouses were raised once more from their ashes, and flowers were sold, as well as berries, fruits, and lunch generally, canes, photographs, and, in fact, anything that did not rob it, but brought money to the estate.

Though, at the crisis, when she was requested to herself assume the management of the place and save the salary of a superintendent, she had at command only \$150, yet by the enforcement in every department of rigid economy, and great executive ability, she who had formulated, started and kept up the enterprise also finished it to the honor of herself, her co-workers and country. In 1868 she was able to report that all expenses had been paid and a surplus of \$1,796.03 on hand at the disposal of the Council. Her system of management was so appreciated that Council requested a continuance of her presence and personal supervision. Laying aside duties of a private and domestic nature, she remained at Mt. Vernon, and in 1870 reported she had paid all current expenses, had disbursed several hundreds of dollars for repairs, and had on deposit \$3,051.27. Thus the work went on—roofing, repairing, restoring, no modernizing or improvements upon the past attempted, but, true to original plans, everything was rebuilt and replaced as they had been left by Washington.

Miss Cunningham's untiring work and her unflinching fidelity to the Mt. Vernon cause, though prostrated as she was by organic disease and hedged in by many varied and gigantic difficulties, which constantly had to be met and surmounted, often in the face of severe criticism and aspersion, was highly

and tenderly appreciated by the women who were her coadjutors.

Nor does an admiring public withdraw from the "Maid of Carolina" its deepest gratitude and sincerest approbation. Mothers, wives, and daughters listened to her touching voice and now give it echo; fathers, husbands and sons rise up in their manhood and call her blessed.

Laying down her mace of office in 1873, fully confident that it would be wielded with skill and decision by her gifted successor, Madame Berghmans, *née* Lily McAlister, of Philadelphia, Miss Cunningham retired to her old home, Rosemonte, broken in health and ruined in fortune. A life of harassing exertion, incident to this great enterprise, finally conquered the brave spirit. Having been placed in personal charge at Mt. Vernon by the Council of Ladies, at the time when the affairs of the Association were desperate, when the Treasury had but a paltry sum and a few worthless bonds; having carried the Association through its worst difficulties and paid off the purchase debt, freed it of all encumbrances, with thousands spent in improvements, and money in bank; having put its affairs upon a firm pecuniary basis, broad and deep, what was left to buoy the spirit? The actual work was done. Reaction set in, and with it her great spirit sank. She returned to a ruined home; for, in 1859, absorbed in her public duties, she neglected her private ones, and her inherited property, which, had it received timely attention, could have been made productive, declined in value and productiveness.

On May 1st, 1875 the welcome summons came; the calm and resigned spirit gave back to earth the body that was of earth—the body that had been racked and tortured by pain and suffering, yet upon which death had left only an impress of the beautiful.

She is buried in the yard of the First Presbyterian Church, at Columbia, the sanctuary of which she became a member while yet a school-girl at Barhamville. No stone as yet marks the grave where repose her remains, but we are informed there is in course of construction a monument in native granite, massive and simple, in style the old English gothic—a first and second base, a die, and cap. Upon the die are to be

placed, at the head a bronze medallion of her face, copied from a cameo showing her when young, and just beginning her life work ; at the foot a plate in the same metal, exhibiting the armorial bearings of her family. Upon the right side, in bold deep intaglio, her name in full, and, in smaller letters, her birth, death, and two inscriptions chosen by herself from the Bible. On the left side it will be stated that the monument is erected in loving and grateful remembrance, by her nephew and heir, Clarence Cunningham.

ONE WHO KNEW HER WELL.



## A SHORT ACCOUNT OF ETHAN ALLEN.

*For the Continental Congress, February, 1893, by the Historian of Green Mountain Chapter No. 1, Burlington, Vermont.*

Vermont is rich in heroes of the Revolution, but Ethan Allen presents himself first to our minds, because his death occurred in our city, and a beautiful marble column, crowned with a statue of his soldierly figure, rises above his burial spot, reminding us of his sufferings and deeds of valor for our independence. Allen was captured while making a movement against Montreal. He had but a small band of men with him, most of them being Canadians, but had almost succeeded in his plans when a spy exposed him to the enemy, and, not receiving the assistance he was promised, he fell into the hands of the English.

When he saw the Canadians, who had been so faithful to him, threatened with death, he stood between them and their executioners and offered his life for them. This noble act served to save both their lives and his, and at first this escape from death to imprisonment seemed a boon to him, but his bitter experience for more than two years made him question the advantage of the change afterwards. He was placed upon a schooner, bound hand and foot in iron of the heaviest plate, confined in the most wretched part of the vessel, and so closely secured that he could lie but in one position. This was endured for six weeks, when he was removed to an armed vessel which lay off Quebec. Here he received more humane treatment, but the respite was of short duration, for he was soon transferred to a vessel bound for England and placed under a most brutal officer, who ordered him to be confined with twenty other prisoners in a small dark enclosure, where he remained during his entire trip to England. His former sufferings had been mild compared to what he now endured. Here he experienced untold abuse for forty days before he was allowed to see the light of day or breathe the pure air of heaven.

When Falmouth was reached, a great crowd of people had collected at the wharf, many out of curiosity, but some from friendliness for the American prisoners. They were taken immediately to Pendemir's Castle and closely confined there. Here Allen again received kind treatment, and could have been comparatively happy but for anxiety lest the threat of death by the halter as soon as he should reach England would be executed. He was visited while in the castle by people with whom he was allowed to converse upon all subjects, and they were much surprised that a rebel could argue upon philosophy and Christianity. He was very bold in assuring his visitors of the impossibility of Great Britain ever conquering the Colonies of America. He remained in Pendemir's Castle but two weeks, when, in January, 1776, with the other prisoners he was put on board a frigate bound for America. Now his hand-cuffs were removed, and he received other kindnesses, owing to the fact that a writ of *habeas corpus* had been procured by gentlemen in England in order to secure his liberty. When the frigate reached Cork, and it was known that American prisoners were on board, some merchants and other benevolent gentlemen sent presents of food and clothing, and even delicacies and ornaments were tendered Allen from the Irish. The captain was very angry at this attention to the prisoners, and, besides depriving them of much that had been given, he treated them with great severity.

Halifax was reached in August, and the prisoners were put into a sloop and left in the harbor, where they were subjected to great deprivations. Complaints of the cruel treatment received at last reached the Governor of Halifax, through the persistent efforts of our hero, and relief was obtained. They were detained there but a few days longer, when they were placed on board a man-of-war, which reached New York in October, 1776. There Allen was released on parole, and only restricted to the limits of the city, which freedom gave him opportunity to procure a respectable living for himself. Here his sufferings ceased for a time only, as he knew of the inhuman treatment his shipmates were receiving.

While on parole he had the offer of a colonelcy in the British service, with great remuneration, which he spurned, saying:



"If by faithfulness to the American cause I have recommended myself to the General of your Army, I shall be loth by unfaithfulness to lose his good opinion."

While in New York, hourly expecting his full freedom, he was unjustly accused of violation of his parole, and again put under guard and so held till the next May—eight long months—when he was exchanged for one Archibald Campbell, who greeted him with the assurance that he never was so glad to see a gentleman in his life, to which Allen replied that he was equally glad to see him, and was apprehensive each had the same reason for their pleasure.

Allen was escorted to Valley Forge, where General Washington received him with great respect. He offered his further services in behalf of his country as soon as his health would permit, and hastened to Vermont to meet the friends who had supposed him dead.

As soon as his return was known, seventeen guns were fired as a salute of welcome. Thus his imprisonment added glory to the fame he had already won, and Vermont will ever be proud to claim Ethan Allan as her son.





## A TALK ABOUT HOMEOPATHY.

The following conversation with a leading homeopathic physician in one of our large cities afforded me much information in regard to his profession, and I think there may be some to whom it would prove interesting.

A short sketch of why and how he chanced to be a member of this much derided sect was first given me in these words:

"My father was a doctor of the old school, and in our West Virginia home commanded respect, as well as a large practice. As a youth, I and my brothers worked on our farm, but, seeing no future ahead and tiring of daily labor, I concluded to study medicine, as the opening with my father was a good one. Thus I started in the profession of my choice, and, had worked diligently for a year or more, when typhoid fever in its most malignant form raged in our neighborhood, patient after patient died, and nothing seemed to bar its devastating course. I asked my father if at this advanced age of medicine there was no law, no rule, by which the treatment of this fever was governed that a doctor might have some sure light to guide him and not grope continually in the dark, as it were.

" 'Nothing,' said he, 'but the experience of able practitioners who have gone before us. There are no established rules to go by; we can only try remedies which have been effectual before. If they fail to suit the constitution of our patient, then something else must be tried.'

"At once utter disgust filled my mind for a profession which had made no progress, a science which in time had accumulated only years and age and no definite results, so I gave up the study of medicine. My uncle, who was a frequent visitor at our home, was a staunch adherent of the doctrines of homeopathy; he tried to prevail upon me to study that system. He brought me books and a case of medicine, but I was not persuaded; I was staggered by their infinitesimal doses. In the meantime I became a severe sufferer from a carbuncle on the back of my neck. I was nearly dead and nothing gave

me relief. Out of sheer desperation, I thought of the homeopathic medicine and books, so decided to experiment. I studied the directions, and had my mother follow them closely. Though bathing the sore had been agony, I determined to dissolve the powder in water and bath it as directed, when, to my surprise, I was soothed instead of pained, and in two or three days I was up and about. After the personal experience, I no longer doubted the efficacy of their medicine and accepted their motto, that less helps more than much. Thus I studied and became a homeopathic physician."

"And what do you now think of homeopathy?" I asked.

"That it is the most beautiful and perfect science that the world knows, of which the common definition *similia similibus curantur* (likes are cured by likes), is but a surface explanation. It was first announced to the world in 1797 by Samuel Hahnemann, M. D., of Germany, who was distinguished for his profound learning and the broadest medical culture of his times, of whom P. Compton Burnett, M. D., of England said: 'When I go over his wondrous life, I am profoundly impressed with his greatness as a mere man. He taught Hebrew at thirteen; knew eight languages when he went to the university at twenty; became M. D. at twenty-four; lived to nearly ninety, and labored all the time, certainly working hard eighty years. Throughout his life we do not find one shameful act recorded against him by real history. He was, indeed, a great, almost a perfect man. His new theory was brought to America in 1825 by a student of his, Dr. H. B. Gram, who settled in New York City and died there in February, 1840. The great pioneer to the West was Dr. Strum, also a native of Germany and a student of Hahnemann's, who settled in Cincinnati in 1839, thereby making Ohio the first among western States and the ninth of our Union to receive the blessings of the new school of medicine. Its faculty in less than three-quarters of a century numbers thousands, and its adherents are counted by millions.'"

"But, Doctor, how about the principle always quoted as the foundation of your science, namely, that like cures like?"

"Yes; a principle truly deep-lying and fundamental, to which that phrase is but a shallow nothing. The doctrine of

homeopathy teaches that disease is not a germ or a material substance, but it is a foreign force, like unto life force, and must be fought by drug force, not drug material. So, such being a recognized and true principle, the physician, when called in, first ascertains all symptoms, analyzes them one by one—these symptoms show individuality, and both connected with outward surroundings show the patient's constitution—thus we have the constitution as the basis for work. Step by step he masters patient and disease force; then is seen some of the beauty and depth of our science, when searching our *materia medica* he finds an accurate and sure remedy, which in a similar healthy constitution has been proven will cause like symptoms; while there his medical skill is called in play to judge the exact amount of foreign force pervading the system, that an equal amount of vital drug power may be administered; for similar drug and disease forces, as do like electric currents, counteract and expel each other from the body, leaving life force in its normal state for *similia similibus curantur*."

"But, Doctor, please tell me how you obtain this vital power from drugs?"

"Ah! that is simply by trituration or frictionizing. Our medicine is made thus, for instance: Of quinine, take one grain and to it add ninety-nine grains of sugar of milk; place then in a clean mortar and pound or frictionize for an hour, or more if need be. This then forms the first potency or attenuation. Then to one grain of this compound add ninety-nine grains more of sugar of milk, frictionize as before, and we get the second potency or attenuation, and so on, until the eleventh potency is reached, at which stage not one particle of the drug matter or material exists, simply the vital power or force of the genuine. So advanced is the science to-day that the power of drugs may be increased even unto the thousandth and millionth potencies.

"Every drug dissoluble in alcohol is put through a like process. First, the juice of a plant with an equal portion of alcohol preserves the molecular bodies of vegetable substance; then to set free these molecule bodies one drop of this tincture

put in ninety-nine drops of alcohol and well shaken forms the first potency, &c.

"Hahneman's original system was the one drop attenuation, which has been superseded by the ten drop attenuation."

"And do you mean to say that the strength of that original grain or drop of medicine increases with the increased number of attenuation?" I asked.

"Most undoubtedly it does. Will not a magnet attract and hold fast nail after nail, until a pound or more is suspended, and when detached each nail in itself is a magnet?"

"Yes. But now tell me of your *materia medica*. Is it entirely different from that of the old school?"

"Entirely. Ours gives the proof of every drug under the sun, for you must know we use all medicines known to your school, and more besides. There is nothing which by us is not proven to possess curative qualities for one thing or another, as you will see later on, when I name remedies which I have sometimes resorted to. The proving of a drug is this: To a perfectly healthy subject, medicine is given, and its effects carefully watched, and all symptoms caused noted in the *materia medica*. Thus, after studying our patient and his symptoms, to it we may resort to find the drug whose vital power would create like symptoms; for still stands our doctrine, *similia similibus curantur*. And then comes in that question of the dose, which we gauge by the amount of foreign force in the body, making quantity and quality between disease and drug force, to correspond.

"To-day therapeutics are outstripped by social technics, for the miller knows how much water he needs for so much work; but the size of the dose is a point no medical school has yet decided. The question is not whether the homeopathic or allopathic dose must be accepted, but what quantity of a substance is necessary to check the disease.

"It may be of interest to you to hear how I have treated some cases recently under my charge. For instance, I was called in to see a case of pneumonia, which had been given up by all allopath physicians. After sitting an hour or more with the patient, and studying the case as far as practicable, I prescribed a certain powder dissolved in a glass of water, a table-

spoonful at stated intervals, and later on a similar dose, which was a blank dose, though."

"A blank dose! What do you mean?" I asked, in surprise.

"Why, simply a pure sugar powder. We have frequently to give it. Well, the next morning, on visiting my new patient, I found her greatly relieved, every symptom more favorable, and, in two or three days, decidedly on the mend."

"And may I ask you what you gave her?"

"You will be surprised at the simplicity of the remedy when I tell you what it was. Nothing more than common table salt—but I gave her the sixtieth potency."

"A strong dose?" said I.

"Very powerful. Few doctors dare deal in the sixtieth potency of any drug. Another very interesting case under my care was one of diphtheria, particularly pleasing, too, because given up by others and cured by me; for I was able to find the drug which at once suited both disease and constitution, so had but little trouble."

In innocence of heart, forgetful of opposition of sex, only dealing mind to mind in the search for knowledge, I asked: "And what medicine did you use for diphtheria?"

Noting a hesitancy on the old widower's part to reply, I glanced up, and caught the last tints of the crimson flush which suffused his face, as he murmured: "Well, I tell you, it was one drop of dog's milk." (Who could help smiling?) He continued: "This is a medicine used frequently in homeopathy, but I have known students give up the profession rather than adopt it. I have now under my charge a little girl, who for eight years has been in bad health, apparently without cause. For some time I was puzzled, until her mother stated that eight years ago she had the measles. A happy thought struck me that those measles were still in her system. I gave her the vital power of some drug to cause this disease, and now she is broken out in a mild case of the same. And I am confident, when cured this time, according to the doctrines of homeopathy, she will be strong and healthy."

Though homeopathy has many good points, all are alike impressed with the apparent lack of common sense in the fundamental principles of medicine-making—that "less helps

more than much." One of their standard text-books quotes the following chemical experiment in its defense, taken from the fortieth chemical letter, volume II, page 290, showing that chemistry in 1859 made the following statement, namely, that : "One hundred kilogrammes of common salt, dissolved in 50,000 litres of water, dissolves 1,500 grammes of tribasic phosphate of lime ; while 100 kilogrammes of common salt, in 50,000 kilogrammes of water, dissolves 3,790 grammes of phosphate of magnesia. It further says the attenuation of salt used is equal to the second homeopathic attenuation—a fact just discovered by chemistry, but known to homeopathy one-half a century ago, viz., that less does help more than much."

To two points I failed to call the attention of my learned friend—first, that those nails, though each may become a magnet, yet each must be a far weaker magnet than the original one. Thus the illustration seems a poor demonstration of the fact that medicine from the first to the sixtieth potency increases in strength, or, in other words, the more you dilute a drop of whiskey, the stronger the solution containing that drop. And, second, that they do not give the material of drugs, for at the eleventh potency it is claimed all drug material is non-existent.

Now, science and the laws of nature, as well as common-sense, tell us that matter is indestructible. So may I ask how can such be the case ?

NANNY RANDOLPH BALL.

VIRGINIA.

# CELEBRATION IN SAN FRANCISCO.—PRISE DE LA BASTILLE, 1789-1893.

[Fête Nationale de la France, Vendredi, 14 Juillet 1893.]

## PROGRAMME DES EXERCICES LITTÉRAIRES.

- 1.—Ouverture, *La Fille du Tambour Major*, par l'Orchestre.
- 2.—Allocution, par M. C. L. P. Marais, Président du Jour.
- 3.—Adresse, par M. L. de Lalande, Consul-Général de France.
- 4.—*Les Girondins*, par l'Orchestre.
- 5.—Adresse, par M. Prosper P. Rieter, Représentant de la Société Luxembourgeoise.
- 6.—Air national Luxembourgeois, par l'Orchestre.
- 7.—Chœur, par la Lyre Française, sous la direction de M. Th. Gay.
- 8.—Adresse, par le Major Edward Hunter, de l'armée fédérale Vice-Président de la Société de Californie des fils de la Révolution Américaine.
- 9.—*Hail Columbia!* par l'Orchestre.
- 10.—Discours en anglais, par M. P. Alexandre Bergerot, Orateur Américain du Jour.
- 11.—*Star Spangled Banner*, par Mme. Coursen-Roeckel, accompagnée par ses élèves en chœur.
- 12.—Discours en français, par M. A. Goustiaux.
- 13.—*La Marseillaise*, par Mme. L. Fichter, accompagnée par la Lyre Française.
- 14.—Finale, par l'Orchestre.

On Friday, July 14, 1893, the French residents of San Francisco celebrated the one hundred and fourth anniversary of the fall of the Bastille. The services were held in the National Theatre, which was crowded to its utmost capacity. The California Society of the Sons of the American Revolution occupied seats in the front circle on the stage, with M. L. de La Land, Consul-General of France; M. Charles L. P. Marais,



President of the day, and M. A. Froment Marshal, seated in the center. After welcoming all to the celebration, the French in their native tongue, and the others in English, the President concluded by stating that the bell he was about to ring had been presented to him by Major Sherman, one of the provisional organizers of the first Society of Sons of the American Revolution, with the notification that it was cast from the metal belonging to the original bell which pealed out first for the Declaration of American Independence. Its ringing created the wildest enthusiasm. After speeches by the Consul-General and distinguished representatives of leading Societies, Major Edward Hunter, U. S. A., Vice-President of the Sons of the American Revolution, of San Francisco, spoke as follows :

MR. CHAIRMAN: We read that in Scotland, in ancient days, when a chieftain had occasion to summon his clan upon any sudden or important emergency, he killed a goat, and, making a cross of light-wood, seared its ends in the fire and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. He then handed this symbol to a swift messenger, who ran full speed with it to the next hamlet and delivered it to the principal person with a single word implying the place of rendezvous. The person who received the symbol sent it forward with equal despatch to the next village, and thus it passed through all the district which owed allegiance to the chief. At sight of this cross every able-bodied male from sixteen years old to sixty seized his arms and hurried to the place of rendezvous. This cross was called the Fiery Cross, or Cross of Shame, because to disobey what the symbol implied inferred infamy. One here to-day looking around him would naturally exclaim, "Some symbol like that of the Fiery Cross has been making its circuit among Frenchmen and this is the appointed time and place of rendezvous." However, he would not be long in discovering that not only are all the able-bodied males of the clan here, but most of the fairer sex also, and that the purpose of their gathering is not to defend the right or avenge the wrong of any chieftain, but for an occasion of festival, on an anniversary day of joy, to commemorate an event that increased and extended the spirit of liberty and pro-

claimed to the world that tyranny was a noxious plant that could not thrive in the climate and soil of France.

Your observer would see in the intelligent happy faces before him evidences of the existence among Franco-Americans of a bond of affection and an intelligence that conserves freedom, and he would reflect that all true manifestations of the spirit of liberty have been inspired and sustained by emotions and sentiments that pertain to the heart of man, rather than to his reason. The love of liberty, like the love of God, constraineth us, and they who love one another will love liberty. I speak sentiments common, I think, to all California Sons of the American Revolution when I say they worship with you the same Goddess, Liberty; believe with you in the same political trinity of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity"; refer with pride to their claim that they are descendants from sires who were compatriots of Lafayette; remember with gratitude that French hands, hearts, and sympathies assisted to make it possible for them to be born, live, and be gathered to their fathers in the full enjoyment of all the rights and all the protection guaranteed by the Constitution and symbolized in the flag of their country—a fiery cross, a cross of shame, to those who shall attempt to erase or pollute a single stripe or obscure a single star, but a symbol of glory, honor, security, and encouragement to those everywhere who love liberty.

It is an article of faith, a part of the creed of Sons of the American Revolution, that our free schools are the surest conservators of American liberty; and because they are nurseries and fundamental to popular government, Sons of the American Revolution believe that Franco-Americans should send their children to the school-house over which floats the symbol of the Union Frenchmen helped to form and within whose walls is taught the English language. So will your children learn to love the flag, the symbol of their father's allegiance; increase more and more in the spirit of liberty; find their hearts to be true American, and their feet ever keeping step to the music of the Union.

In conclusion, Mr. Chairman, I may say the Sons of the American Revolution possess no inheritance that is more cherished than the memory of the favor and services of France in

the War of Independence, and, calling to mind the report that there is to-day no celebration in Paris of this occasion, they say with one accord, God bless France, and incline the hearts of her rulers to deal wisely and patiently with the faults of Frenchmen, and preserve them from falling into any kind of tyranny.

Mme. Coursen-Roeckel, dressed as the Goddess of Liberty, sang the "Star-Spangled Banner" amid great enthusiasm.

Mme. L. Fechter, dressed in white, with red cap, bearing in her hands the tricolor, sang the "Marseillaise," the audience joining in the chorus.



## AMERICANS HONOR LAFAYETTE.

On Decoration Day, 1893, in Paris, about five hundred persons, mostly Americans, were present at the decoration of the tomb of the Marquis de Lafayette in the cemetery at Picpus, Vincennes. Members of the Lafayette family arrived at the cemetery in Landaus sent by Colonel Adams and General Read, representing Lafayette Post of New York. These, with members of the American Embassy, signed their names in a book intended as a memento for the post.

Colonel Adams placed wreaths and baskets of pansies on the tomb, at the same time paying a touching tribute to Lafayette's services to America.

Ambassador Eustis made an emotional speech, in which he referred to the sacrifices of Lafayette in behalf of a people to whom he was an entire stranger.

Francois Decorcelle, great grandson of Lafayette, made reply in behalf of the family.

The visitors heaped wreaths upon the tomb until it was covered.



## THE BATTLE OF RHODE ISLAND AND SOME OF THE EVENTS PRECEDING.

By MRS. JOSHUA WILBOUR, Vice-President-General of the Daughters of  
the American Revolution.

Our little State has never been neutral ground. For three years, during the most anxious period of the Revolution, it was partitioned between the royalists and our patriot sires. The policy of the British Ministry and of the royal generals in our land was to sever the connection between the New England and the more southern States. In this way it might be easier to crush the rebellious colonies. This was the aim of Burgoyne. After Boston was evacuated, New York was the headquarters of the British army, but the royal generals wished to obtain possession of the Hudson. Unsuccessful in that, they turned their gaze toward Narragansett Bay. How far that and the Blackstone pierce the heart of New England, perhaps they did not fully realize, but the value of Newport they well understood. Its deep waters and magnificent roadstead made it a desirable possession for an army that must depend on the coöperation of powerful fleets, and the British determined to capture it. The success of their attempt is briefly narrated in a memorandum in the records of the town of Portsmouth. Historian Arnold compliments the records of that town by saying that they are the most complete, best preserved records in the State. But from the 2d of December, 1776, there is a gap of nearly three years. The record referred to is to this effect: "On Sunday, 8th of December, 1776, about 8,000 British troops landed and took possession of this island, and remained until Monday, the 25th of October, 1779, for which time the Inhabitation was greatly opressed." Under any circumstances, the division of a State between two hostile parties would breed unspeakable annoyance. To Providence and the mainland the evil would be intensified by the fact that the invaders commanded the waterway of the State. Narragansett Bay seems

indispensable to our little Commonwealth, and all the patriots of our State chafed at the embargo which the British put on navigation. Their force was a perpetual menace, too. No one could tell how soon an incursion might be made against Providence or other towns; and every patriot sighed over the reproach which was put on the State by the occupancy by an insolent enemy of the magnificent harbor on our southern border. After a year and a half there was a prospect of deliverance. In July, 1778, French fleets arrived off the capes of Delaware. Sent, as they were, by the French Ministry in pursuance of a treaty by which the Gallic King espoused the cause of the oppressed colonies, their arrival in our waters was hailed as a "glorious event." Ardent patriots deemed their coming a pledge that soon victory would crown our arms, and the land secure independence. But the British were stimulated to special activity. Reinforcements were sent to Newport at once. A fleet of transports brought three thousand men, and quickly returned to New York for four thousand more. It was feared that Providence would soon be attacked, and dark forebodings were indulged. General Sullivan was in command of the American forces, but had in the field only sixteen hundred men. But the British had on the island seven thousand veteran troops. In the exigency the council of war called out one-half of the effective force of the State to serve from the first of August, and ordered the remainder to hold themselves in readiness to take the field at a moment's notice. And it is noteworthy that among the American soldiers were colored men. At the beginning of the year, General Varnum had proposed to Washington that the two Rhode Island battalions in camp in Valley Forge be united, as their ranks had been so depleted by hard service, and that the officers of one, with their subalterns, be sent to Rhode Island to enlist a battalion of negroes for the continental service. The suggestion was approved by the commander-in-chief, and Colonel Greene, Lieutenant-Colonel Olney and Major Ward were designated for this work. Soon after their arrival home, the Assembly resolved to raise a regiment of slaves, who were to be made free on their enlistment, and their owners to be paid by the State, according to the valuation of a committee. The slaves

appreciated the offer. The atmosphere was so electric with the love of freedom that they courted the peril of the battlefield for the privilege of liberty, and they showed prowess on the field of strife. On the 29th of July Count D'Estaing, in command of twelve ships-of-the-line and four frigates, arrived off Newport and blockaded the British. All was now hope and animation. Our fathers no longer thought simply of driving the hated invaders from their soil, but hoped to compel them to surrender. Rhode Islanders were elated on one day by the arrival of Major-General Greene, a host in himself. He came home from the army accompanied by Brigadier-General Glover, who had also volunteered for the approaching fray. The Marquis de LaFayette quickly offered his services. On the following day two Continental brigades and two companies of artillery arrived from the army at White Plains. Volunteers came steadily from the neighboring States, and as it was agreed that four thousand soldiers should be landed from the French fleet to coöperate with the Continental forces, every heart beat high with hope. The British were correspondingly depressed. Some of their ships in the neighborhood were captured, others burnt or sunk, and the forces at Conanicut Island were recalled to Newport. But about the ninth of August a new turn was given to affairs. Lord Howe arrived off Point Judith with thirty-seven ships, thirteen of which were ships-of-the-line, and some were frigates. Had the French admiral been content to remain on the defensive, while the land forces settled their contest, all had perhaps been well. But D'Estaing was too eager for glory, and after hastily landing the French contingent, put to sea to encounter the foe. The God of battles interposed and sent a terrible storm on the deep, which raged for two days. It did more damage indeed to the hostile fleets than they were able to do to each other. Some ships were dismasted, others scattered, and a decisive battle hindered. Meanwhile Sullivan had been busy. While the British retired within their lines near Newport, the Americans took possession of the abandoned forts on the north of the island. Sullivan sent forward a strong advance detachment to within a mile or two of the hostile lines, and orders were given for the whole army to advance on the morning of the 12th. The right wing was



commanded by General Greene, the left by General La Fayette ; of Massachusetts militia, the second line by General Hancock, late President of Congress, and the reserve by Colonel West. But the furious storm, which so swept the sea, was equally violent on land. Few, indeed, recollected so awful a gale. Tents were prostrated, and the army, shivering on the cold ground, pelted by a pitiless rain, suffered exceedingly. Some of the soldiers died from exposure, many of the horses perished, and the ammunition was badly wet. For days nothing was heard of either squadron, but Sullivan led his army forward. For five days indecisive movements were made, although the British were abandoning their outworks and concentrating their forces. In a few days the French fleet returned, but the admiral speedily announced his determination to proceed to Boston to refit. Vain the protestations of Sullivan and his associates. Hoping, as they did, to conquer the British army, by the coöperation of the French fleet, in two or three days, they were unspeakably chagrined to find that the French commander had set sail. The army soon became discouraged, desertions were frequent—half the New Hampshire volunteers, as one of these officers wrote, had gone, and the others would not long remain. In spite of this the siege had been vigorously pressed, and the British had abandoned all their outworks save one. It was Sullivan's intention to storm the works, but as he found his force reduced to only fifty-four hundred men, such an attempt were madness. It was therefore decided in council to fall back on the fortified hills at the north, and there wait the return of the French fleet ; and, to hasten this, La Fayette was dispatched to Boston. But the tables were now turned. As three thousand volunteers, supposing that nothing would be done till the return of the French, had left within three hours, it was expedient for our army to retreat ; and, beginning their march in the evening of the 28th, by two o'clock in the morning they encamped on Butt's Hill, the right wing on the west road, the left on the east road, with covering parties on each flank. Colonel Livingston's light corps was stationed on the east road and Colonel Laurens' on the west road, each three miles in front of the camp ; while in their rear was a strong picket under Colonel Wade. But, as

was apprehended, the pursued soon became the pursuers. Early on the morning of August 29th, the British forces marched out of their works in two columns and by the two roads, and at seven o'clock began the attack. 'Twas a summer morning and the approaching army prepared for a long day's fight. Of course they speedily encountered the light corps, and made a sharp assault. The advanced American force, supported by the picket, made a sturdy resistance, and were soon reinforced. A regiment was sent to the help of each corps, with orders to fall back in due time on the main body. The orders were obeyed and the troops retired in excellent order. The first desperate stand indeed was made near the Gibbs place, about five miles and a half from Newport. Here was a cross road, and from this a middle road parallel to the other two, but quite near the east road, runs to the north. A broad field, enclosed by stone walls, lies between the middle and eastern roads, and is bounded on the south by the cross road. Here the twenty-second British regiment, coming up the eastern road, sent half its number into the cross road. But a part of the American picket was hidden in this field prepared for deadly work. Ere the British battalion was aware of any danger, they were saluted by a deadly volley. Before they could recover from their surprise, another, and another volley ploughed their ranks, and left one quarter of their number weltering in their gore. Two Hessian regiments quickly came to their support, but the Americans had already retreated in obedience to orders. In a short time the British assailed the American left wing, but were driven back by General Glover and retreated to their works on Quaker Hill. The Hessian columns meanwhile were formed on a chain of highland, extending to the north. The American army were drawn up in three lines; the first in front of their works on Butts' Hill, the second in rear of the hill, and the reserve near a creek, about half a mile in the rear of the first line. The distance from Butts' to Quaker Hill is about a mile, and marshy meadow and woodland lay between. At nine o'clock a new incident was added to the battle. A heavy cannonade began, and its din was heard throughout the day. For an hour there was steady skirmishing between the advanced parties, after

which a stern conflict began. Two British ships of war, and some lighter armed vessels opened fire on the right flank of the Americans, in order to cover a desperate attempt of the enemy to turn the flank and storm an advanced redoubt on the American right. For seven hours the battle raged with little intermission; but the severity of the conflict was most marked within an hour after the British ships began that covering fire. The slaughter was terrible. Twice did the Hessian column and British infantry rush down Anthony's Hill to the west of Quaker Hill, but were hurled back in the valley with great loss. Sixty were found dead in one spot. In another place thirty Hessians were buried in a common grave. Major-General Greene commanded on the right and showed his attachment to his native State. Four brigades were under his command. Varnum's, Glover's, Cornell's and Greene's were in his division, and all suffered severely. It was no holiday sport indeed. Again, a third time the foe with resolute intrepidity and larger numbers, attempted to conquer the redoubt, and might have carried it but for opportune help. In the very crisis of the conflict, when our tired soldiers were almost fearing that they must retire before the overwhelming odds, Sullivan sent two continental battalions to their relief, and the enemy was repulsed. It was in resisting these repeated onsets, that the newly-formed colored regiment, under Colonel Greene, showed mighty prowess and won imperishable renown. Stationed behind a thicket in the valley, three times did they drive back the Hessians, who with obstinate valor charged repeatedly down the valley to destroy them. So well did these manumitted men vindicate their claim to freedom that the Hessian colonel who had commanded his countrymen, asked to be transferred to New York, since he dared not lead his men again into battle lest some soldier of his regiment should shoot him. But the battle did not rage on the American right alone. While strife was so hot and carnage so deadly, on the west, General Lovell's brigade of Massachusetts troops was ordered to engage the British right and rear. He did it with courage and success, and the enemy rued their rashness in attacking so resolute a host contending on their own soil for freedom. To add to the Americans' gratification the British ships were

driven off. Two heavy batteries turned on them their fire ; and these guns were so well served that the ships were constrained to sail away. Unfaltering as was the courage of the invaders, indeed, it was matched by the resolute valor of the patriots. The British at last gave way, and retreated to their fortified camp on Quaker Hill. Thither their weary pursuers followed them, and even captured a battery on the Hill. Sullivan was so encouraged by the valor of his troops, that he desired to attack the British in their works. But more prudent counsels prevailed. As the army had been for thirty-six hours without rest or food, continually on the march, at labor or in battle, they had earned a right to repose. Both armies therefore occupied their camps in the afternoon, though the cannonade continued until night. But what were the losses in this hotly-contested battle ? On the American side two hundred and eleven were killed, wounded and missing. The British found their loss to be one thousand and twenty-three. In thinking of the merits of this contest the fact should be borne in mind that though five thousand Americans participated, only about one thousand five hundred had ever been in action. Yet their assailants were skilled veterans, superior to them in numbers and discipline, who showed that steadiness in conflict and dogged courage which comes from repeated conflicts. So unfaltering, however, was the bravery of our own troops, that we wonder not at the remark credited to Lafayette, that the battle on Rhode Island "was the best-fought action of the war ;" and yet Newport continued to be held by the foe for more than a year.



## OFFICIAL.

### PROCEEDINGS OF THE BOARD OF MANAGEMENT.

*July 6, 1893.*

Pursuant to call the Board met, July 6, at four o'clock P. M., 1505 Pennsylvania Avenue. Present : Mrs. Cabell, presiding ; Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Heth, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Dickins, Miss Dorsey, Mrs. Alexander, Miss Washington.

Minutes of last meeting approved.

The Registrar reported the names of seventy-four ladies as eligible for membership, and the Secretary was instructed to cast the ballot. On motion of Miss Dorsey, the two papers that seemed doubtful were left with the Registrar, Mrs. Johnson, for further investigation. Motion carried.

The Treasurer-General made her report, which was very satisfactory. On motion of Mrs. Brackett it was accepted.

The Treasurer-General then read to the Board a letter just received from Mrs. Francis I. Davis, of Meadville, Pennsylvania, in which she asked to be allowed to retain one-half of the dues of the Chapter she is now organizing.

Miss Dorsey moved that the Treasurer-General be instructed to inform Mrs. Davis that under the Constitution, Article 8, Section 4, dues cannot be returned until a Chapter has more than twelve (12) members, it being understood that the first twelve members have no return of dues.

The Treasurer-General asked to be instructed by the Board whether she must require one dollar or two dollars from the members for annual dues.

Miss Dorsey suggested that the Treasurers of Chapters collect the annual dues and remit one-half to Treasurer-General.

Mrs. Cabell instructed the Treasurer-General to communicate with the Treasurers of Chapters, relative to the matter.

Mrs. Alexander, Vice-President-General of Organization *pro tem.*, presented the following names for Regents of Chapters to be confirmed.

Mrs. Putnam, State Regent of Iowa, sent the names of Mrs. L. F. Andrews, of Des Moines, Iowa, and Mrs. Clark H. Cooley, of Dubuque, Iowa, Chapter Regents.

Mrs. Clifton R. Breckinridge, State Regent of Arkansas, sent the name of Mrs. Mary R. Kirkpatrick, of Warren, Arkansas, to be Chapter Regent.

Mrs. Cockrill, of Missouri, sent the name of Mrs. James O'Fallan, of St. Louis, Missouri, to be Chapter Regent.

Mrs. J. E. Bacon, State Regent of South Carolina, sent the name of Mrs. Augustus W. Smith, of Abbeville, South Carolina, to be Chapter Regent.

Miss Louise W. McAllister, State Regent of New York, sent the name of Mrs. Wm. Seeley Little, of Rochester, New York, for Chapter Regent.

Mrs. A. W. L. Kerfoot, State Regent of Illinois, sent the name of Mrs. Cornelia G. Lunt, of Evanston, Illinois, to be Chapter Regent.

Mrs. Jessie Slocumb resigned Chapter Regency of Brinkley, Arkansas, in consequence of having removed from that place.

The Corresponding Secretary *pro tem.* made a full report. Upon motion of Mrs. Heth it was accepted.

Miss Eugenia Washington then offered the following motion :

"That the Board allow Miss Eliza S. Washington and her four sisters, Mrs. Chew, Mrs. Willis, Mrs. Howard, and Mrs. Tucker, to substitute new papers for those now on file, as these ladies have fine Revolutionary lineage, descending in direct line from three heroes of the Revolution; and also moved that the Registrar, be requested by the Board to communicate with Miss Eliza S. Washington on the subject. Motion carried.

The report of the Executive Committee was then read, and, on motion of Mrs. Brackett, it was referred back to the Committee for maturing to be presented at the September meeting.

The Board then adjourned.

## CHAPTERS.

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### NOVA CÆSAREA AND OTHER CHAPTERS OF NEW JERSEY.

*The Fourth Annual Meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution of the State of New Jersey, at Morristown, June 3, 1893.*

The stately old mansion at Morristown, surrounded by grounds exquisitely kept, and shaded and adorned by lofty old trees known as "Washington's headquarters," was thrown open on June third, for the entertainment of the New Jersey Chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution. A number of ladies headed by Mrs. Reginald Forbes were in waiting to receive the incoming guests arriving by every train.

The house is interestingly unique, inasmuch as all the furniture it contains is made up of relics from Revolutionary times. Any "modern improvement" here would be an innovation since all the adornments characterizing the last century, both within and without. The ample fire-places, and their furnishings, the mantels, the stairways, and other appointments have been preserved intact. The guests devoted an hour to the inspection of the house and its many curios before being called to order in the large audience-chamber in the second story. Here the State Regent, Mrs. W. W. Shippen, presided, aided by the Chapter Regent of Nova Cæsarea, Mrs. Judge Depue, of Newark. A short prayer was said by Rev. F. L. Humphreys, followed by the spirited singing of the national hymn. An address by the Hon. Augustus W. Cutler, upon Washington's home life in Morristown, was of peculiar interest to New Jersey's daughters, and was received with great appreciation. The State Historian, Mrs. Sarah B. Linard, then read an account of the first Chapter in New Jersey, giving the forcible *raison d'être* of its organization, introduced by a beautiful tribute to New Jersey, and the place she occupied in Revolutionary annals. She lauded her daughters, as well as her sons, who strove for the liberty to which she paid this lasting tri-



bute, likening it to a rare flower. "This beautiful flower was 'Liberty,' springing up everywhere from the fertile soil, hitherto tilled to its uttermost yielding, to pay tribute to the Crown of mighty England. Its inspiring odor breathed sweet in the nostrils of every man, woman, and child, throughout the length and breadth of the land, until they longed for it, fought for it, plucked it, and wore it! Usually, it is not the rich who desire Revolution, secure as they are in plenty, but in '76, the rich and poor, the old and young, the high and lowly, demanded it, having the good of their country at heart. It is to perpetuate this spirit, and to keep in memory the noble deeds of our ancestors, that the Society was organized." Mrs. Linard then traced with care and fulness the genesis of the Society and its development into a powerful, progressive, and influential factor. "Crudities formerly existing have been corrected, the dross giving place to refined gold."

The Daughters were then requested to sign their names in the visitor's book. A most delicious and daintily served luncheon followed, which though in happy contrast to the tales of old time privations, was a suggestive repetition of many similar scenes during Lady Washington's régime.

S. A. B.

#### FOURTH OF JULY, 1893, ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.

The Sons of the American Revolution resident in Elizabeth, gallantly invited the Daughters of the American Revolution of Union County to unite with them in this celebration. Many ladies responded to the invitation, each one wearing a badge of red, white and blue.

The meeting was held in the First Presbyterian Church where seats were reserved for the "Daughters." The exercises consisted of a prayer by the Rev. Evered Kempshall, D. D., the reading of the "Declaration," by the Hon. Foster H. Voorhees, the singing of patriotic songs by the large audience assembled, and a grand oration delivered by the Hon. Charles Winfield of Jersey City. The church was beautifully decorated with flags and bunting, floating a large flag from the highest point of the spire, while from a point below on the steeple, waved a still larger banner.

## CHICAGO CHAPTER, ILLINOIS.

A remarkable celebration of the anniversary of Bunker Hill, June 17th, 1893, was projected by this Chapter and the S. A. R., invitations being extended to the National Societies of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution. In anticipation of this event, a leading Chicago daily published a lengthy account of the prospective exercises, profusely illustrated with large cuts, one acopy of the "Battle of Bunker Hill from an Old Print." Two of the most interesting were from the AMERICAN MONTHLY, although credit was not given to this periodical for them. One represents "Women of the Revolution, 1776" (Vol. I, No. 1, AMERICAN MONTHLY), and the other "Mrs. Schuyler burning her Wheat Fields on the Approach of the British," (Vol. II, No. 3, AMERICAN MONTHLY). The Seal of the Society was also from the cover of the magazine. There were portraits of Mrs. Stevenson, President-General; Mrs. Kerfoot, State Regent of Illinois; Mrs. Shepard, Chapter Regent of Chicago, and Miss Everhart, its Secretary; also of Judge Shepard, President of the Illinois Society of the Sons, with other interesting reproductions, and a sketch of the organization of the Chapter. Thus the daily press is calling attention to the leading objects of our organization, and extending its influence.

## MARY WOOSTER CHAPTER, DANBURY, CONNECTICUT.

This Chapter assembled with their friends at Putnam Park, on August 9th, 1893, to hold a meeting in honor of Mrs. Dickins, Treasurer-General of the National Society. The historian of the Chapter delivered the following address:

"*Mrs. Regent and Ladies* :—We have with us this afternoon as our honored guest, Mrs. Dickins, the Treasurer-General of our National Society at Washington, who recently shared with her husband, Commander Dickins, the honor of representing our government in receiving and entertaining the descendants of the man, who, four centuries ago, discovered this "New World," and made a possibility this Columbian year, in which

we show to all the nations of the earth, the phenomenal growth, in every respect, of a land where freedom reigns.

"In the name of the Mary Wooster Chapter, of Danbury, we cordially welcome you, Mrs. Dickins, and extend to you, for this day, the freedom of Putnam Memorial Park.

"We remember that Commander Dickins was a Danbury boy, and feel a local pride in the fact. We meet to-day on the old camping ground of the soldiers of the American Revolution, and, as Daughters of the American Revolution, bound to honor and preserve their memory, we could find no more fitting place than this, dedicated by the State as a memorial to General Putnam, to review some of the scenes and incidents which have here taken place, with a brief biography of that Commander."

A sketch was then given of the encampment, of many interesting facts connected with it, and of General Putnam's life, with the following conclusion.

"And now, as we leave this place, with all its crowding memories of the long ago, where the same blue sky is above us, the same mother earth under our feet, as when, more than a hundred years ago, with the difference of the glory of a mid-summer day and a bleak New England winter, those brave patriots suffered untold hardships, that the glorious tree of liberty might be planted in our land, spreading its sheltering branches over the down-trodden and oppressed of every clime, shall we not take with us some of their spirit of patriotism, a greater interest in the cause of American freedom, and an increased loyalty to the memory of those heroes, who so dearly purchased that freedom for us?"

#### MERCY WARREN CHAPTER, SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

The Springfield *Republican* of August 10th, 1893, says:

"The Mercy Warren Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, which is Springfield's local society, has been one of the most active chapters in the order since it was instituted. This is illustrated by the contributions made to the

society magazine, the *AMERICAN MONTHLY*, edited by Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth, and published at Washington, 1505 Pennsylvania Avenue. This magazine is devoted to American history, in biographical sketches, genealogy, old letters and diaries, poetry, fiction, essays, reports of meetings and conventions—all being devoted to the object of stimulating the patriotism of the old American heritage. The Mercy Warren Chapter has done its part in this matter. In the February number, there was published a very good paper on "The Minute Man of the American Revolution," by Mrs. Mary J. Seymour; in that for April there was a capital account of the Massachusetts convention, which in 1788 adopted and ratified the Constitution of the United States, written by Clara Markham Sessions, (Mrs. W. R. Sessions, of Hampden); and a report from the Mercy Warren Chapter, by Mrs. Lillian Wilcox Kirkham, Recording Secretary, was presented in the June number. This is the only chapter in Massachusetts, we believe, except that in Boston."

DOLLY MADISON CHAPTER, NO. 2, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

The celebration of the fourth of July by this Chapter, held at Looney Place, the home of Colonel Looney, was an important social event. There were songs and recitations appropriate to the occasion, but the chief event was the poem presented by Mrs. Walker Kennedy, as given below, and the presentation to the Chapter by Mrs. J. Harvey Mathes of this State of a miniature liberty bell. The gift was accepted for the Chapter by Mrs. J. H. Watson, the local Regent. Mrs. Mathes said in part: "It is for this new liberty bell to ring out our efforts for a better condition for humanity, and will peal out many a pean besides that of civic and religious liberty. It embodies the most beautiful ideas if we knew how to interpret them. In its fusing there is gold, silver, copper, brass, and nickel, with the richest and rarest historic gifts.

"The gold cannot despise the copper or the silver shrink from the brass, all are worked together into a perfect and harmonious whole. Let its composition be symbolic of our unity

as 'Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution.' In the hands of the Regent it may at once become an inspiration and symbol of delegated authority, taking the place of the gavel, and sounding, I hope, but to command attention, good order, and harmonious proceedings. I am, indeed, most happy in presenting this little bell to the Chapter, and trust that it will be prized more highly than crown jewels."



## TWO BELLS.

It is a day when roses swoon,  
And cloud-ships sail the upper deep,  
When low-voiced winds have softly rocked  
The languorous lilies all to sleep.

When spiders spin their gauzy lace  
About the poppy's slender stem,  
And daisies watch with wide-eyed love  
Lest harm should come to theirs or them.

So still the day that it would seem  
The birds had half forgot to sing,  
And in their leafy hammocks rest  
With silent throat and folded wing.

But hark ! The silence lasts no more,  
For soft upon the sensuous air  
A bell-note, thrilling all the world,  
Comes drifting like a floating prayer.

It echoes far o'er mountain heights,  
It swells o'er many a blossomed lea  
From where a tower stands tall, beside  
The blue waves of an inland sea.

And all the earth is mad with joy,  
And shouting thousands greet the bell ;  
A nation's pulsing heart doth beat  
Within the cadence of its swell. ■

For lo, the fair new bell is cast  
Of treasures garnered through the years ;  
Of relics of our loved and lost,  
Of trinkets tarnished with our tears.

The old bell greets the newer shape  
Adown the vista's aisles of time ;  
And clear and sweet and full of peace  
There comes the new bell's answering chime.

And faint again that spirit tone—  
 And loud the answer greets our ears ;  
 And thus from bell to bell is tossed  
 The story of the flying years.

And now in one harmonious strain—  
 One anthem such as angels sing—  
 Chime wedded into golden chime,  
 The blended bells together ring.

The old and new in clear acclaim  
 Tell all the glory yet to be,  
 And earth and far blue sky are filled  
 With pealing bells of Liberty.

—Sara Beaumont Kennedy.

### MRS. HARRISON'S PORTRAIT FUND.

AUGUST, 1893, RECEIVED.

Mrs. Mary Wright Wootton, New York.....	\$ 5 00
Mrs. J. S. T. Stranahan, New York.....	15 00
Mrs. Joshua Wilbour, Rhode Island, January, \$10; August, \$90.	100 00

E. H. WALWORTH, *Treasurer,*

Saratoga, N. Y.



## EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

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The summer of 1893 will be notable in the record of our country and in the record of our society. The World's Fair will manifest its far-reaching influence in perspective with greater force than it does in the near foreground of our present view. The extraordinary financial condition of the country will likewise appear in sharply drawn outline where now we seem to be in a fog of monetary mist. As the World's Fair of "'76" revolutionized domestic art in this country, so will the World's Fair of "'93" revolutionize domestic history. And as the influence of this revolution in art has penetrated more or less into almost every home where refinement and plenty reign, so will this historical revolution penetrate the domestic and social life of our people.

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For the first time Americans have had brought forcibly and practically before them that they each and every one have a family record of from three to ten generations, which identifies them with the history-development of the country. They may turn from this record with indifference or with scorn as a matter unworthy of remembrance, or they may cherish it with a just pride, or dwell on it with a silly vanity; but in any case the fact remains that the historical celebrations of this year have stamped their seal of remembrance on every event that has been before the people. The Columbian Exposition has been an object lesson in the importance of a preservation of historical objects and records; its very name has awakened a fact, the memory of which will not die.

The history of families so closely allied to the history of nations has aroused an interest that will not be transient.

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It will be observed that our Society in its aims and objects is in full accord with the spirit of the time. It is also broad and

fraternal in its sympathy with other patriotic and historical associations. Several of its officers subscribe liberally for this AMERICAN MONTHLY to be placed in local historical societies which have not a fund for this purpose. The Society affiliates in friendly relations and services, not only with the "Sons," but heartily with such societies as the Mary Mashington Monument Association; it has collected large sums of money for this object, as also for the statue of Washington to be presented to France. Its sympathy is with that pioneer patriotic enterprise by women, the Mount Vernon Association, and with the Hermitage Association of Tennessee, whose efforts are directly in the line of its leading objects, yet this Society must necessarily limit its work for the present closely to its own immediate demands, and complete or abandon the projects it has already initiated. There are the MAGAZINE, the Portrait of Mrs. Harrison and the Continental, or Memorial Hall, or Manor House.

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Beyond all objects of a practical nature demanding the use of money are the more subtle influences of our Society, which are none the less important. First among these are the old-fashioned ideas of honor and honesty in public affairs, which all "Daughters" should encourage, as also a respect for constitutional law as one of the inherent principles of our government. With this in view, studies should be pursued and planned for the coming winter relating to these subjects, both in their abstract sense and as illustrated by the biography of prominent American men and women. Parliamentary classes should be formed and discussion encouraged concerning all objects of the Society. This will help to crystallize its influence of the Society, that it may bear upon the establishment of a National University and other of its more remote objects of interest.

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Writers alone are responsible for opinions expressed in these pages, which are open to different points of view on many subjects.

#### ERRATUM.

Mistaken information led to a most unfortunate error in the announcement of deaths in the June MAGAZINE. We are rejoiced to say that Mrs. Charles N. Chancellor, of the Baltimore Chapter, is enjoying the pleasures of a residence abroad with her distinguished husband.



